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GOD'S-ACRE.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I like the ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the Field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

RED RIDING-HOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ST. EGLON,"

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

I HAD a fanciful wish to bring you here and say all this with that old worn milestone as our witness," he said, in his tenderest softest tone, as he lifted her fair face and gazed into the clear depths of her innocent eyes.

They did not speak the passionate language his uttered, and yet he was satisfied his heart-hunger was appeased, a strange calm of great joy shone on his face.

"See—that is where you stood in your quaint head-gear, looking like some dim ghost from the old forgotten world. Why you have it in your hand now," he continued, laughing as Grace held up the odd huge sun-bonnet. "Did I push it from your head?"

They both laughed like children as she put it on again; and at his request she went close to the old stone and laid her hand upon it, as on the first evening of their meeting.

Both had forgotten, in this sweet time of joy, old grannie Lanyon lying dead, and yet neither were hard-hearted.

But so runs the world away.

The young love and the old die, and one has had their time of love, and the other will have their time of death.

And love is sweet, and death is bitter, and both come alike to all; and if, while the wings of the first close us round, the shadow of the other is forgotten, it is no marvel, no cause for anger.

As Grace drew away from the old stone, she stooped suddenly with a little cry.

"Alan, here is your ring; I have just found it!"

It was the first time she had called him by his name, and yet his face changed, and not with pleasure.

"Is it possible?" he said, coming forward. "Then there is magic in the matter Grace, for I have searched for it here a dozen times."

This was true, but the grass now had died down, the leaves and wild-flowers of August had perished, and the October earth being laid bare, the ring was no longer hidden.

Grace was looking at it curiously.

"What do these Latin words engraven on the inside mean?" she said. "Stay—I think I can translate them; they are so much like Italian. They mean 'obey or die.' Is that right?"

He met the question in a forced smile, and there was a shade of trouble in his eyes as he took the ring from her hand.

"Never mind the motto—that is modern; but the ring itself is very ancient, it belonged to one of my Cornish ancestors, and is said to be made of a milpreve."

"A milpreve?" repeated Grace. "I have heard the old people say that is a charm for snakes."

"The snakes are said to make a milpreve on Midsummer Eve, when they meet together in companies, and join their heads and begin a general hiss, until a bubble is formed, which immediately hardens into stone. That's a milpreve; and whosoever finds it will gain prosperity and wealth, and lose—love."

"What an ugly little story!" said Grace. "Who told it to you.

"It is one of old Prue's stories. She used to make my young hair stand on end when I was a child. But there is another version of the milpreve. There is a charm by which to force a snake to make it, by catching one asleep and striking a hazel-wand in the center of its coils. Then the creature breaths upon the wand and changes it to a stone ring of a blue color, in which there appears the yellow figure of a snake. That is how my ancestor gained this milpreve, so tradition says. You can see the yellow spiral line quite plainly in the blue, if you look closely."

Grace looked, and drew back with a little shudder.

"I am sorry I have found your ring," she said; "it is ugly and unlucky."

He laughed, and yet his laugh did not ring quite true.

"On the contrary, I have told you it brings wealth and good luck to the finder."

"At the expense of love," returned Grace wistfully. "Who would exchange love for riches?"

"Neither you nor I, dearest. Now let me tell you the true story of this milpreve ring. It is sometimes called a Druid ring, and it was found in a sepulchral cist or urn, which was laid bare on opening one of those huge barrows, as these great mounds are called in Cornwall, which contain the ashes of forgotten warriors. Well, the ancient chieftain in question, who was also a giant, and must have lived in the time of Abraham, is supposed to be an ancestor of mine, and therefore the ring was sent to me by some one who was present at the digging up of the urn."

"I think that last story the ugliest of all," said Grace. "A ring made by a snake and found in the clutch of Death! Who could have sent you such a gift?"

"Well, that is the ugliest story, in my opinion," returned Mr. Fitzurse, with a genuine laugh. "It was positively the grandmother who sent it to me."

Grace tried to answer his laugh with a smile; but something at her heart checked her attempt at mirth.

She thought that it was remembrance of her own grandmother lying dead, and yet she knew that it was not that alone, though there was sorrow in her mind for this—not quick and lively, but a dormant pain, which could yet be awakened. For four years of daily communion, though the time was hard and cruel, could do no other but plant affection in a young heart, choked though it might by the weeds of ill-words and unkindness.

Mr. Fitzurse saw the shade of pain upon her face.

"You are superstitious, Grace; but I will not laugh at you, for all the world is superstitious at heart more or less. Now I will interpret the legend for you. It means that my ancestor, being a brave man, could conquer evil and extract a gem even from the coils of the serpent. Now, this being a pretty story, you will let me put the ring on your finger, for lack of a better one at this present moment? And we will prove that it shall not lose us love."

He bent and kissed her, as one having the right always to her dear lips, and she yielded to the caress, with her soft shoulder pressed against his breast and her cheeks glowing warm rose beneath the sun of his ardent eyes.

He slipped the ring on her finger and lifted her hand to his lips.

"It is too large, Grace; but wear it for my sake, darling, till I get you a true ring of betrothal. You shall have diamonds, or rubies, or whatsoever thy soul desireth, my princess; for I am rich enough in this world's gear to indulge you in a taste for gems."

"I will have pearls if you let me choose. And get them soon," she added, "for I confess I am superstitious. I do not like this ring or its motto. It is too hard a motto. 'Obey or die!' Why had you these words engraven on the ring?"

His face changed at her question, his eyes shrank from the gaze of hers, and he turned away with a light laugh.

"If I were to answer you, Grace, you would say that that was the ugliest story of all. I will tell it to you one day, but not now. Look at my steed devouring grass by the wayside, as if he were a veritable tinker's donkey. Now I am going to enthrone you on my saddle, and you will ride safely, though it has no pommel, if you will ride safely, now I shall take the reins, and we shall make quite a triumphal entry. How astonished old Prue will be!"

What were Grace's thoughts as she rode onwards thus? What was it made her say as they neared the gates—

"Alan, you once asked me if my father belonged to one of the secret societies. I could not answer you then; we were not alone in that pass. I confess now your guess was right. And, do you know, I feel sure the motto he had on a ring of his was the same as yours—'obey or die.'"

"Was it, child?" This was all he said for a moment; then he turned towards her as he opened the gates. "You must tell me by-and-by who you think was in the lonely pass."

They came in the avenue.

"How is this?" he said. "The gravel is cut up by many wheels."

The reason in another moment was very obvious.

A carriage and four horses stood at the old portal, and behind it a wagonette and pair piled with luggage.

"Who is it? What does it mean?" asked Grace, in amazement.

"It means that the Philistines are on us," said Mr. Fitzurse, in his driest, bitterest tone." Then, as Grace still looked at him in bewilderment, he added, with a strange smile, "It means—the grandmother!"

* * * * * *

Amid the furtive stares of postboys and men-servants in livery Mr. Fitzurse, with strong arms, lifted Grace lightly from the saddle and set her on the ground.

"Put on all your armor, Grace," he whispered; "this will be a fight to the death."

With flushed face and eyes full of bewilderment, she gazed at him without speaking; she dreaded she knew not what; she could understand nothing of the scene around her.

"Dear me? Is that you, miss, out so early?" asked a sudden voice in mincing accents.

Grace turned, surprised, scarcely believing her ears, and met the gaze of Charlotte, of "unhappy memory," who was standing by the waggonette superintending with much assumption of dignity the unloading of the trunks.

"I am sure I never expected to come back here to this lonesome place," she continued with a large hand brushing some straw from the flounces.

"But thank goodness, I'm come in company this time, and I don't think I shall be dull!"

This was said with a liberal making of eyes bestowed impatiently on the men all round.

She never waited for any reply, but went on volubly while Grace and Mr. Fitzurse were detained a moment or two by a cumbersome pile of boxes set down at the very door.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry we couldn't telegraph or do nothing to let you know we was coming.

"The housekeeper is terrible put out; but I hope she'll get rooms ready soon, as me and my lady is very tired."

"Where is your lady?" asked Mr. Fitzurse.

His voice had an intonation that instantly stopped Charlotte Wilson's fluency.

"I beg pardon, sir—my lord. I didn't notice you till your lordship spoke. My lady is in the library."

Grace heard, but did not heed, the girl's mode of address.

This man by her side was to her Alan Fitzurse, her lover, her promised husband; she could think of him in no other way at this moment, although her mind was preparing itself for a shock, and the coldness of fear and of coming trial was creeping about her heart.

Mr. Fitzurse had placed her hand upon his arm, and, when she strove to draw it away, he held it there with a firm grasp.

"Do not be afraid," he whispered, as they stood an instant within the old dim hall, with his right hand, which had now relinquished hers, on the lock of the library door.

Another moment, and it was set wide open, and both stood in the presence of a lady remarkable in stature, beauty, and grace. She half rose as Alan approached her, and held out a shapely white hand.

"A pretty little surprise, Alan," she said, "and one, I suppose, for which you are not thankful?"

She said this with a half glance at Grace, a glance which nevertheless took in every detail of her quaint costume and her wonderful beauty.

"Miss Lanyon, allow me to introduce you to—my grandmother, Lady Brentwyche," said Alan, making no reply to her words, but by voice uttering an answer to her glance, which brought a slight flush on her cheek.

His grandmother—this beautiful lady, so young, so fair that she seemed to wear upon her face the bloom of early roses and the freshness of morning dew!

Grace could but look on her and wonder; but she did not utter a word.

The lady, on her part, returned the look with one of equal wonder.

Curiosity, suspicion, anger even, were in the glance of her keen eyes as they searchingly scanned the June face, the slight upright figure of the young girl who stood silent and full of amazement before her.

She had acknowledged the introduction by a bow, and, after that one look, in which Grace's troubled eyes met hers, she turned to Alan, saying carelessly—

"I did not know you were entertaining guests.

"And have you been up all night playing charades, or private theatricals, or something of that kind?"

"We have been up all night," returned Alan, "but not for anything of that kind."

His dry tone, his grave look, were not lost on her; but she answered with a curiously light laugh, a laugh so full of giddiness and yet of mischief, so full of levity and yet of meaning, that it seemed at the same time to be the laugh of a worldly woman and an innocent child.

It was a laugh habitual to her, a laugh to make a wise man sorrowful and a foolish man mad.

She could win hearts and break them with that laugh.

"Really?" she said. "Then it must have been tableaux vivants.

"Miss Lanyon is in the costume of Goody Two-Shoes or Mother Hubbard; which is it?"

Grace shrank back a little; the laugh, the look, the tone, all pierced her with a strange pang.

"Neither," returned Alan, in the same grave way.

"She is Red Riding-Hood—my Red Riding-Hood—and we have just come away from the death-bed of her grandmother. I think the wolf was there too, Grace; was he not?"

His tone was tender, yet full of deference; voice and look seemed to throw a shadow of perfection over her, which Grace felt with a mingling of pain and pleasure.

"I fear he was," she answered softly. "I think his coming killed poor grannie."

"I am very sorry if anybody is dead," said Lady Brentwyche, with the same light laugh. "But you are really talking enigmas to me, and I am too tired to ask for explanations. I hope old Prue has a room ready by this time. There is nothing infectious in the matter, I trust?" she added, dropping her lightness suddenly. "It is not pleasant to have a visitor die in one's house."

"Mrs. Lanyon died in her own house," replied her host quietly. "Her granddaughter and I have just returned from it."

Lady Brentwyche raised her pale hazel eyes for a moment to his face in a look of mock, not real surprise.

Then she turned to Grace.

"You don't seem overwhelmed with grief;" and out burst her giddy laugh again. "But that's not surprising; nobody wants their grandmothers; the world could quite do without them. I suppose you are staying here with your aunt, or mother, or some one?"

"Yes, she is staying with me," said Alan quite firmly; "and I hope she will stay with me always."

Again came that look of feigned astonishment, more strongly this time, just as the laugh was more pronounced.

"Another enigma! What does he mean, Miss Lanyon? It is quite impossible, out of Arcadia, that any young lady should be staying with a bachelor by herself."

"But we happened to be in Arcadia till you came," said Alan, again standing between Grace and the enemy. "And the meaning of my words is simply that this young lady is to be my wife."

The astonishment was not feigned this time; her face whitened under it, her very eyes seemed to lose some of their pale color yet she forced the old laugh from her shaking lips.

"Such news is too overwhelming for a tired brain. I must look on it as another riddle till I have slept over it. You'll allow me to keep my congratulations until then, Miss Lanyon?"

"She'll allow you to keep them as long as you like," interposed Alan, with mock suavity. But he could not save Grace this time from the arrow which flew straight at her heart.

"Perhaps you'll let Miss Lanyon speak for herself," observed Lady Brentwyche, in a cold incisive tone. "I am not going to lend myself, Alan, to any mystification; and I perceive that there is a strong one here. Are you really engaged to this gentleman?"—this to Grace, with her cold light eyes fixed on her in a manner that compelled an answer.

Still she might not have replied but for a look from Alan which said, "Answer her, and plainly."

"I am engaged to him," said Grace.

She spoke in the calm tone peculiar to her, but a rose-leaf flush suffused her face, and there was a shadow in her eyes as of sorrow about to fall.

"And do you know who he is?"

"I think—I believe he is Alan Fitzurse," answered Grace, her voice this time tremulous.

"Certainly; he is Baron Fitzurse and Earl of Enderby. But he has been living down here as if he were a man without position, without social and political duties, without rank and all its high calls and fetters, without, in fact, any duty but the very noble one of pleasing himself by being eccentric."

Grace was white as snow, and the Countess Brentwyche thought that she was overwhelmed by this revelation of her lover's rank.

She was mistaken.

The deadly fear overwhelming the girl's heart arose from a deeper, and far graver cause.

She was too simple, too unused to the world's ways, to be struck down merely by a title, which, to her eyes, neither raised nor lowered her lover.

And yet, when his name was declared by that clear cold voice to be Earl of Enderby, it seemed to her to pronounce their divorce for ever.

"I am sorry you have deceived me," she said, her deep gray pathetic eyes looking for an instant into her lover's in anguish, and yet not in reproach.

"Grace," he cried eagerly, "you must hear me before you condemn me. Is there no other reason," he continued, turning to Lady Brentwyche, "than a desire to be eccentric for my shutting myself up for a few months in this lonely old wilderness of mine?"

"Perhaps you came in search of a fool's paradise and found it," returned the lady, evading his question, with her old peculiar laugh.

Grace had risen, and stood with her clasped hands resting on the back of the tall chair.

The extreme, almost deathly whiteness of her face alone betrayed her agitation.

"I am sure there were other reasons," she said, her sweet voice full of pain; "but—but I do not wish to hear them. I think you had a right to live here as Mr. Fitzurse, if you felt it well for you to do so. No, no, let me go—pray let me go!"

For Lord Enderby, amazed at the accent of her voice, which seemed to speak of some subtle change, some sorrow he could not fathom, had seized her hand and held it, as though she were a bird ready to fly from him for ever.

"Grace, you must hear all my reasons," he said anxiously. "Surely you know there was no deception meant towards you in the concealment of my rank? Good Heaven, what is it? It is a mere nothing—a name! What difference can it make between you and me?"

He spoke vehemently, pleadingly, but Grace still averted her head, and her long lashes still rested on her cheek; he only saw by the quivering of her lip that she was moved.

"Surely, Grazia, you are not angry?"

It was the first time he had spoken her name in Italian.

It made her look up quickly, it made her eyes fill with tears; but her lashes drooped again instantly, and there remained only a soft flush on her cheek to show that he had touched her heart.

"Will you side with the grandmother against me, Grazia?" he said, with the old smile, the old inflection of voice in which he had so often jested and joined the story of their lives together like a fairy-tale.

"The grandmother is greatly obliged to you," said Lady Brentwyche, with a certain acerbity in her tone.

The lovers scarcely heard her. Grace had raised her eyes now, and they looked into his with a prayer.

"I am weary," she said. "I have need to rest—I have indeed! And my brow aches. You will let me go?"

He released her hand instantly, and opened the door for her to pass out.

"I wish I had made you go to rest at once," he said regretfully. "Sleep will take the glamor from your eyes, darling, and you will be all on my side then."

Once more her eyes met his, speaking some unutterable pain for which lips had no language.

He could not interpret this speech, he could not understand this depth in her for so small a thing as he felt their difference of rank to be.

His eyes smiled back into hers hopefully; and then suddenly she caught his hand, and in the old childish way, as on the memorable day of their first meeting, she lifted it to her cheek, pressed it there an instant, then dropped it, and was gone.

The darkness in the hall seemed to swallow up her small lithe figure as he watched it flit away, with a wistful look of doubt and fear creeping like a shadow over his face. He half fancied, as she held his hand to her warm young rounded cheek, that her lips had breathed softly on it one word in Italian. That word was "*Addio.*"

CHAPTER XVII.

PERHAPS there was more of a farewell in his parting with Grace than Alan thought.

Suffice it to say that notwithstanding her contemptuous remarks Lady Brentwyche sought her and with the assistance of her neice prevailed on her to leave the place, and without seeing her promised husband.

It is needless to explain how this happened. After the interview in which it was accomplished the countess stole back silently to her room and added a string of priceless pearls to her jewel-case.

No one of the household but Maund Molly knew that she had visited Grace.

As Lord Enderby and Lady Anne lingered over their breakfast that morning they heard a sound of wheels departing from Caermorran.

"It is the carriages going that auntie hired at Truro," said Lady Anne, turning her eyes towards the window. "And they have drawn down the blinds in the old landau, just as if it were going to a funeral."

"Funerals are more lively in this country," returned her host, "and more impressive than carriages and undertakers can make them.

"All the people sing and walk bare-headed, accompanying the mourners—a great procession at times. Some of the sweetest music I have ever heard has followed Cornish funerals."

The hours sped on slowly, the autumn day came to its wane, and Lady Brentwyche's door was still closed, the turret chamber still silent.

Twice or thrice Lord Enderby asked Lady Anne if she had seen Grace and kept her kindly word to befriend her.

The answer was always the same, that she had not seen her since the early morning, when she passed her in the corridor.

Twice or thrice Lord Enderby sought his boy, and found him, flushed and fretful, in the custody of Charlotte.

He wondered if Grace was ill.

Surely otherwise she would rescue him from such hateful hands—not for duty, but for love's sake.

Perhaps she was too weary, too agitated, and maybe she feared these strangers, and in shyness and sorrow had shut herself up alone.

Well, he must have patience; he would ride—that would help him to pass the time. But, when he returned, the face he sought was still absent from all his wonted haunts.

Evening fell, and he summoned old Prue to his presence; but that wrinkled woman knew nothing except that the house was full of "Crom'ell's dogs," and was altogether in a "wus poor than Troy town when 'twas took."

How could she tell where Miss Lanyon was when there was such a worry and flurry going on that she didn't scarce know where she was herself?

No, Grace was not in her room, for she had been there to see.

She believed she was gone out into the woods for peace.

So Lord Enderby waited still, in hope and fear, and entertained his guests at dinner with a heart of gall and a tongue of silence.

Lady Brentwyche appeared, resplendent in ruby velvet.

She wore a single string of magnificent pearls around her white neck.

At dessert, when the servants were gone, Lady Anne noticed them and asked a question; then Lord Enderby looked at them curiously.

"Grace wore just such a necklace of rare pearls this morning; they were her father's—her grandmother gave them to her."

"These are the same," said Lady Brentwyche coolly. "I have bought them."

"Bought them!" repeated her host; and his finger rose hot in face.

"Yes; I gave the girl five hundred dollars for them."

"Oh, auntie, they are worth ten times that!" cried Lady Anne.

"I require an explanation," said Lord Enderby, at a white heat. "If Miss Lanyon chose to sell her pearls, I do not see why she should not have a fair price for them."

"Oh, she is not cheated! I am to pay her more by-and-by. She wanted to go to London at once, and I could not let her go without money, so I bought her pearls." And the Countess laughed her little infantine laugh, and set her pearly teeth upon a slice of luscious peach.

"Have the goodness to give me an explanation of your words," said her host, in a voice that sheathed his rage as the cloud does the lightning.

"I simply mean that your shepherdess, seeing the error of her ways in expecting an Earl to marry her, has gone to London, and I good-naturedly helped her departure. She went in one of the returning carriages, and started by the mid-day train. I telegraphed to Delgado to meet her and find her honest lodgings. Such a pretty creature needed some protection."

She uttered this speech carelessly, but inwardly she quailed when Lord Enderby rose and pressed his clenched hand upon the table.

"Lady Anne, I know you. There are no more scathing words in the English language than those when applied to you. Give me the address of those creatures of yours to whom you have dared to send my affianced wife! And do me the favor to-morrow morning to leave my house."

Lady Brentwyche burst into tears. Her aunt strove to laugh, but failed.

"You are very angry now," she said, her voice quivering, "but the day will come when you will thank me. I have saved you from a low marriage."

"You would be thankful if your own birth were half as good as Miss Lanyon's! Give me the address. We waste words."

"I could not do her a worse wrong than to give you her address," she retorted. "She does not wish you to know it."

"Anne, leave us," said Lord Enderby, turning to the frightened weeping girl. He opened the door for her to pass out, then he locked it and withdrew the key. "We can speak plainly now," he said. "Emily Harwich I hope you perfectly understand me. I do not intend you to leave the room until you have divulged the truth."

"Do you threaten to use violence to a lady?" she asked, uttering her baby laugh in a way that was half a cry.

"There is no lady here. There is an adventuress of low birth, of evil antecedents, who has succeeded in making two good marriages—an adventuress of whom I could say things that would close every door against her name."

"That's a mean threat indeed!" she answered. "The man who betrays a woman's secrets and slanders her would be more scouted by the world than the woman would be herself.

"That would depend upon the sort of secret it was. The creature, for instance, who is a double traitor and a double spy is so dangerous that the world considers it a duty in those who know such miscreants to denounce them."

She grew very pale and strove to rise from her chair, but sat down again, trembling slightly.

"I am here alone; you can safely insult me."

"There is no question of insult, but simply of truth. I too can send a telegram to that infamous secretary of an infamous society, and I can bid him beware of——"

"For pity's sake be silent!" she cried out. "My life would not be worth a day's purchase if any one heard you!"

"Very likely not," he returned drily. "It would be for you to take care of yourself after my message reached Delgado."

"Do you dare say this who have broken your oath?"

"Such a question from you is audacious indeed. I have broken no oath that honor called on me to keep. I have never betrayed and never will betray any of the unhappy and mistaken men whom I once looked on as heroes. How many lives have you on your conscience?"

"None," she said audaciously. "I simply do my duty—that's all."

"So does the hangman he answered. "We waste time. The address if you please."

"But I don't know it. I left Delgado to find a place."

"I will endure no subterfuge," he declared calmly. "I give you two minutes—at the end of that time I despatch my telegram."

She set her teeth upon her under-lip, and her eyes gradually hardened as her face grew white as marble.

Some resolve was slowly forming in her mind which strained her faculties to the utmost.

Before the two minutes had expired she had risen to her feet.

"You know perfectly that to send that message would be to slay me," she said. "The Emperor and all his guards could not save me from death."

"Granted," said Lord Enderby, looking at his watch. "You have still twenty seconds in which to save your life."

His coolness made her shudder; but she remained standing.

"I wish you to understand that you seek out this girl at the risk of your own life. Do you know who she is?"

He did not take his gaze from his watch, which he held in his hand as he answered her.

"You have five seconds more;" and he walked towards the bell.

"Stop!—and her white hand went out swiftly and seized his arm. "You shall not act in ignorance. You said just now that you had never betrayed a former friend. Do you remember an Italian who went by the name of Reno?"

"I saw him once at Vienna, where he was arrested under suspicion of being a Nihilist. He was no friend of mine."

"But he sent for you when he was in prison, he gave you our pass-word and asked our help.

"You refused it. He was handed over to the Russian authorities, and condemned to the mines of Siberia for life as a suspect."

"Most likely he merited his fate," said Lord Enderby, again stretching his hand towards the bell.

"That man is undergoing penal servitude in the mines.

"He is Grace Lanyon's father. I have told her you denounced him."

"Then you told her a lie."

"I only stretched the truth a little. With your aid he could have escaped at Vienna; you refused that aid, therefore it is your hand that has closed the chains and the darkness of death around him.

"His daughter abhors your crime and leaves you."

"You are Satanic," was all he said; but his hand drooped from the bell and his face lost its color.

He walked to the window, then came back to the place where she still stood, upright and smiling.

"Your calumny shall be refuted. I am not afraid to let Grace judge me.

"I could not know that miserable man was her father.

"I will tell her that, though for my oath's sake I will never betray a Nihilist, yet for my conscience's sake I can never aid one. Here are pen and paper. I will neither hear nor utter another word until you have written that address."

From a drawer in an ancient writing-table she saw him take a telegram form, and, with his eyes fixed on her face, he prepared to fill it up. She dipped her pen in the ink and wrote the address and pushed it towards him.

"Any sacrifice for one's life," she said; and out burst her giddy laugh, as if, now the struggle was over, it was only a subject for merriment.

"I hope you understand that Reno's daughter will be watched, and if you are seen with her, she will be looked on as treacherous to her father, while you will stand a double chance of being shot.

"You take that address then at the risk of your life—not mine."

He did not heed her words.

He had cast his eyes on the paper she gave him, and had risen once more in white wrath.

"How could you dare send a girl to such a place as this?" he asked. "Great heavens, are you a fiend or a woman?"

He looked at her, as if wondering what he could do to make her feel his anger—make her share some of his pain.

He knew her, and was not long in devising a punishment that would plant a sting in her small heart.

"Have the goodness to hand me Miss Lanyon's pearls. I shall wish my wife to wear them."

He took a book from the drawer of the writing-table by which he sat.

"I am filling out a cheque for the five hundred dollars you say you gave for them."

He drew the cheque across the table; but she thrust it aside, and her tears burst forth angrily.

"Do you rob me too under threats?" she cried hysterically.

"No, I simply recover stolen goods. I do not believe you gave Grace half the sum you have named for her pearls. I have no doubt you make a clear gain of two hundred dollars by taking that cheque."

She dried her tears and laughed again.

"It is your hour just now," she said, taking the pearls from her neck, and flinging them lightly across the table. "It will be mine another day."

"Very well; until then we can be malignantly polite to each other," he answered.

"Just so. But I want you to promise that you will say nothing to Anne of this scene."

"Do I ever enlighten Anne with respect to you? I always permit her to consider you merely a cleverly eccentric person, who has become her aunt-in-law through rare good luck, and her own merits," he added, with a smile half bitter, half humorous.

Then he unlocked the door and opened it for her.

She passed him with a slight curl of the lip and eyes half raised, veiling a look of hatred.

"Good night," she said, "and good-bye. I presume you are off to London by the first train. Until what hour do you permit Anne and me to stay in the morning?"

"Until the hour that suits you. I do not leave the child here. I take him with me."

Her little light laugh rang out into the hall at this.

"What a solicitous, affectionate father! It is rather bad though for a baby to be dragged out of bed at night to go a long journey."

"Do you think so? There are worse things for babies than journeys. I wish you a pleasant one to-morrow."

He closed the door upon her graceful figure and her fair face and went back to the table and sat down dejectedly, with his forehead bowed upon his hands.

"Oh, Grace, Grace, why have you forsaken me? Why could you not believe in me and trust me? A few honied words, a few falsehoods from this woman, and you have flung yourself into her treacherous arms. And who shall say now that I can save you?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Lady Mary's Sin.

BY L. H. WRIGHT.

THE town is ringing with the very startling news of Lady Mary Chetwode's elopement.

That she, the beautiful, highly gifted, accomplished woman, sister of their respected host, should bring such disgrace upon the ever stainless name of Chetwode is abhorrent to it.

If it had been any one but Sir Harry Blake things might have been different, as well as forgotten and forgiven, but the circumstances are really too awful.

"A married man!"

So wails the country, as they lift up their eyes and clasp their hands as if in despair, when in reality half of them rejoice in the thought that this brilliant beauty has disappeared from their midst, giving a chance to their faded daughters; and the expectant widows, how they inwardly laughed in their joy!

"Poor Lady Mary!" says Lady Charteris while speaking to her husband a few days after the affair.

"Who would have thought it?"

"Depend upon it, my dear, everybody knows their own business best," answers Sir Charles.

"Change of air is beneficial to everyone."

"I wonder you can talk with such levity, Charles!

"Change of air, indeed!"

And, gathering up her skirts, my lady glides with much dignity from the room.

Sir Charles leans back with a sigh of decided relief as the door closes.

"These ugly women," he says, "how they love a scandal—especially when it's about a pretty woman!

"Pretty, did I say?—egad, she is a queen!"

That Lady Mary should be condemned on all sides goes without telling.

How long she had struggled against her fate, and how vainly, with all her woman's wit, had she attempted to evade the urgent appeals made by Sir Harry from day to day!

Poor love, more sinned against than sinning, how hopelessly had she tried to hide her unconquerable love!

All her inward wrestling told for her not at all.

It was of no avail; Sir Harry was merciless—when were the Blakes otherwise?

Seeing the depth of her affection, he worked upon her sensitive nature and truly loving heart, and, with many flattering words and highly romantic speeches, played out his part in the drama of her life, and imploring her to fly with him, at last gained her consent.

One memorable night, while all the household was sleeping, two people stepped from the library of Chetwode Manor, and went forth to meet their doom.

Alas! how soon one of them felt its bitterness!

"Truly evil is wrought by want of thought."

Would Sir Harry have been so recklessly happy if he could have seen in the future?

I think not.

Surely he would have hesitated before he took that fatal step, and pondered ere he made her untarnished name a topic of public conversation.

But there are many such, who forget how miserable are the effects of their selfishness, and remember not that "the evil men do lives after them."

The alarm is raised far and near, for many and many a mile.

From Chetwode grooms are sent out on every side to each adjacent station for tidings of the missing beauty.

Her brother, Lord Chetwode, is almost distracted.

He can neither eat nor rest.

It is indeed as if his one ewe-lamb had been stolen from its fold, and had left an empty space, never to be refilled for him, unless she returns soon and alone.

And then, should this be so, he will open his arms to receive her, and the past shall be forgotten by them both as if it had never been; but if disappointed in this hope, he will follow them from place to place, he tells himself, and have revenge upon Sir Harry, whose treachery makes him tremble with surpressed rage.

There is so little comfort in remembering how lovable she was and charming.

Unfortunately, "praising what is lost, makes the memory of it more dear," far dearer than when we possessed it.

* * * * * *

The lamps are gleaming, voices are low and hushed.

The gamblers are busy round the tables.

Some are flushed with excess of luck; others, with ashen faces, are throwing down their last coin; and as they see it raked in by the croupier, rise from the table, and trying to assume utter carelessness, leave the room, perhaps to seek death outside.

Lounging into the gold-room, his thoughts far from the scene before him, Lord Chetwode at a distance sees Blake.

Sir Harry does not see him.

He is laughing merrily, and has undoubtedly been drinking heavily.

"I say, Rawson," he says, "I won that. Do you see?

"Another alice like that would set me straight.

"Shall I risk it again for a heavier sum, and cry double or quits?"

Lord Chetwode walked quietly to the table, lays his hand on Blake's shoulder, and says—

"Pardon me if I wish to be quits with you first.

"We will go outside that we may be quite alone."

Blake rises, steadying himself as he does so, and, haggard from shame and remorse follows Lord Chetwode from the room to the gardens outside.

For a wonder, they are deserted.

No sound breaks the stillness of the night.

Far up above, the moon is shedding a tender radiance over the sinful earth beneath.

"Villain, where is my sister?" Lord Chetwode says to him, passionately.

"I decline to tell you."

"I warn you not to tempt me too far," he said.

"Sir, the Blakes were never cowards to be frightened by a threat."

"Then I am to understand that you refuse to allow me to rescue her from the abyss of sin into which you have so remorselessly plunged her?"

"Not so fast, my friend; your sister is quite content."

But before he had time to complete his sentence, Lord Chetwode grasped his revolver, and taking aim, fires deliberately at him.

The bullet passes through his heart, and Blake, flinging his arms wildly in the air, falls to the ground.

Not a word escapes him, and when he is discovered later on, life is extinct.

* * * * *

Lord Chetwode makes his way as one in a dream to his hotel.

Going up-stairs, he hurries along the corridor, seeking his own room.

The door next to his happens to be open, and in his agitation mistakes it for his own, he walks in, not discovering his mistake till the figure of a woman seated at a distant table recalls him to himself.

The woman, rising gently, turns towards him.

As she does so, a faint cry escapes her, and she clutches eagerly at the chair near her, as though desirous of support.

Chetwode, going up, seizes her by the arm.

It is his sister—Lady Mary Chetwode!

"John," she cries, piteously stretching out her hands toward him, "why are you here?"

And, taking a step forward, she sinks fainting to the ground.

Lifting her gently, he places her on the sofa; and as he gazes on her beautiful face, now marked with sorrow and suffering, all his love for her returns, and, pressing his lips to her forehead, he murmurs, brokenly, tenderly—

"My poor, poor girl!"

Presently she recovers consciousness; and, shrinking from him, buries her face once more in the pillows of the sofa.

Quietly gaining possession of her hands, he says, tenderly—

"Dearest Mary, look up.

"My heart is full of love for you. Let us forget the past."

"It is impossible!" she says, bitterly.

Then, anxiously and eagerly, Lady Mary cries—

"You have met?

"Where is he?

"Oh, what do I see in your face?

"It cannot be that you have killed him?"

"It is even so!" Chetwode answered.

"Oh, miserable wretch that I am!" she cried.

"First I ruin myself, and now you, through me, have become an assassin!"

"Mary," Chetwode says, firmly, calm yourself.

"Can't you realise that while he lived there could be no hope for you?

"I had looked forward to the slaying of him since the day he stole you from me.

"It is but right that he should answer for sin in that other world, as he could not atone for it in this."

"You have broken my heart!" she says, sobbing bitterly.

"Only to save your soul, Mary.

"Think no more of one so utterly base, degraded, and unworthy!"

* * * * * *

Days and weeks pass, during which time Lady Mary's life lies in the balance.

Fever ensuing from her over-wrought brain, brings her to death's door; but with tender care and careful nursing she rallies, and then, when the doctors permit—Lord Chetwode making the necessary arrangements,—they start for Biarritz, where Lady Mary wishes to seclude herself for some time.

She looks even more lovely in her misery.

She assumes a false name, and for several years keeps entirely from the world, leading a very solitary life.

But can a lovely woman hide for ever?

No; and a pity indeed could it be so.

"DEAREST JOHN,

"I hope you do not attribute my long absence to forgetfulness—in that you would be very wrong. I had nothing to tell you, my life here being very much the same from day to day. Beyond helping the poor of this parish and attending church I do literally nothing. But even in this, John, I have been singularly unfortunate. Hugh Maberly, our rector, has chosen to fall in love with your poor Mary, and only yesterday asked me to be his wife. How could I dare link my wretched life with his pure and perfect one and be happy? And yet if I lose him I lose all that would make existence endurable! Could I tell him the whole truth? Give me your advice. He loves me with all his heart. Am I to break it?"

"MY DEAR MARY,—

"I have just read your welcome letter, with mingled feelings of surprise and pleasure. If this man loves you as you say, go to him and confess all.

"Your loving brother,

"JOHN."

When Mary receives this, she is anxious, miserable, and grateful.

She kisses her letter, then cries over it; then remembering how soon she will have to make her horrid confession, she flings herself upon her bed and gives way to passionate weeping for some time.

She had only one hour to recover herself before Hugh Maberly comes for his answer.

She goes down to the drawing-room, and seats herself on a low chair by the fire, and remains wrapt in though, till Thompson, the footman, announces—

"Mr. Maberly."

When Mary sees him, she advances to meet him, looking so white and nervous that Hugh taking both her willing hands, asks anxiously—

"Are you ill?"

"A little," Mary gasps.

"I shall be better soon.

"I have been thinking about a sad story of a woman I knew, and it has overcome me—that is all."

Then fearing he might say the words she knows must come sooner or later, she plunges at once into her confession.

"You have heard, no doubt, that pitiable story of Lady Mary Chetwode?"

"I have.

"I always pitied her."

"Did you?

"Her sin was very great."

"It was.

"Therefore the more to be lamented," he said.

"She was a wretched woman."

"Why Mary, I thought you were more charitable.

"Could you not be sorry for one who has suffered so much?"

"I could, I am!

"I have been sorry for her all my life," cried Mary, passionately.

"There, that is what I would have expected of you!" Hugh exclaims, rising, and taking both her hands in his.

"Expect nothing from me?" she cries, excitedly.

"I am the one black sheep in your flock!

"Oh, Hugh, forgive me! I am that woman!"

There is no answer for a moment.

Hugh only clasps her hands all the tighter, and at last he speaks.

"My love, I have known this ever since we first met.

"I stretched out my hands to help you, and they have guided you straight into my heart, Mary—a heart that shall adore you while it beats, and has never beaten for any other.

"Can you forgive my not telling you of this before, and come to me, to bless my life by being my true and faithful little wife?"

"Oh, Hugh! my whole life is in your hands!

"I love you dearly; but will you never have bitter thoughts of me?"

"Mary, you have sweetened all bitterness by your confession."

And, with hands clasped, these two gaze into each other's eyes, in which they see love, happiness, and perfect trust; and for all time they pledge themselves to each other.

He who has more learning than good deeds, is like a tree with many branches but weak roots; the first great storm will throw it to the ground. He whose good works are greater than his knowledge, is like a tree with fewer branches but with strong spreading roots—a tree which all the winds of heaven cannot uproot.

A TOWN'S NAME.—The town of Penn Yan, N. Y., is said to have got its name in this way. Two colonies settled there; one of Pennsylvanians and one of Yankees. Each wanted to name their new settlement after their old homes. They finally compromised on Penn Yan.

Bric-a-Brac.

EAGLES.—In Norway, eagles destroy oxen in the following manner:—they dive into the sea and roll themselves in the sand and afterward, by flapping their wings and shaking their feathers into the eyes of the ox, they blind it and overcome it.

MEASURING TIME.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measure its length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person who wishes to leave his toil says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow."

NATURAL ECHOES.—Among the most remarkable natural echoes are that of Eagle's Nest, on the banks of Killarney, in Ireland which repeats a bugle call until it seems to be sounded from a hundred instruments, and that on the banks of the Nahe, between Bingen and Coblentz, which repeats a sound seventeen times. The most remarkable artificial echo known is that in the Castle of Simonetta, about two miles from Milan. It is occasioned by the existence of two parallel walls of considerable length. It repeats the report of a pistol sixty times.

AN UNSUCCESSFUL PIECE.—An eclipse of the sun was once announced to take place at Bologna, at two o'clock in the afternoon; the populace assembled in the public square to witness it, and as the phenomenon did not occur quick enough, they shouted for it in the same manner as for an actor who does not appear sufficiently prompt on the stage. At length it commenced, and as the cloudy weather impaired the effect, the multitude hissed it with great vigor, as a spectacle which did not come up to their expectation.

LICENSERS OF THE PRESS.—One of these gentlemen, in England, suppressed a work because it contained principles of government which appeared to him not conformable to the laws of Moses. Another said to a geometrician, "I cannot permit the publication of your book; you dare to say, that between two given points, the shortest line is the straight line. Do you think me such an idiot as not to perceive your allusion? If your work appeared, I should make enemies of all those who find, by crooked ways, an easier admittance into court, than by a straight line."

A SINGULAR SECT.—The latest novelty in sectarianism has appeared in Michigan, and bears the name of "The Chosen." The members of this sect believe themselves to be the very elect of God. They believe to a certain extent in the community of goods, but fix the limit of ownership at $3000. A member owning that much may keep it, but if he has more he must divide the surplus with his poor brethren. The sect was not started by rich men, but by poor ones, having each far less than $3000. Hence their belief in the right of the richer brethren to divide. The sect is not just now gathering many new members from the outside world.

QUEER SELF-DEFENCE.—The oddest of all defensive methods is that of snapping off the tail. A blind worm, or slow-worm, is a little snake-like lizard common in the Old World. When alarmed it contracts its muscles in such a manner and degree as to break its tail off at a considerable distance from the end. But how can this aid it? The detached tail then dances about very lively, holding the attention of the offender, while the lizard himself slinks away. And for a considerable time the tail retains its capability of twisting and jumping every time it is struck. The lizard will then grow another tail, so as to be prepared for another adventure.

HAIR SPLITTING.—French experts split finer hairs than we do here. A man and his wife, sailing on the Rhone, were both drowned by the capsizing of their boat. The woman was wealthy and had made a will leaving all to her husband. His heirs applied accordingly for possession of the property. The wife's relatives have begun a contest, and in the court where the case has already come, the skilful and high-priced expert swears that on examining the bodies of the drowned he found evidence that the man had struggled violently when thrown into the stream, and had been asphyxiated almost instantly. The wife on the other hand, sank to the bottom and undoubtedly outlived her husband some moments, though in a state of unconsciousness. If the man died first the will is void, and the property reverts to the woman's heirs.

A CAT ROUTED BY SPARROWS.—In Pittsburg lately a half grown cat caught a young sparrow, and the latter chirped loudly, giving the alarm, and in a very few moments a large number of the belligerent little birds were on the spot. They swooped down on pussy from every direction, and although she arched her back, distended her tail and tried to give battle, she was overcome by numbers and fled incontinently to the shelter of a coal shed near at hand. This did not end the matter. In the course of a half hour puss made her appearance on the scene again. The birds appeared to have put some of their number on picket duty, for as soon as the cat came from her shelter the alarm was sounded and the feathered clans came afresh to the attack in greater force than ever. Their feline enemy profiting by past experience, did not wait to make a fight, but ran as swiftly as she could to her home, half a square away, the sparrows striking her as long as she was in sight.

THE COQUETTE'S PLEA.

BY C. SWIFT.

Call me not fickle or false if I
Love to rove as the gay butterfly;
Nature's most potent charm seem'th to be
Her varying scenes on earth, sky and sea!

I swore to love thee by heaven's pure blue,
But, ere noon, dark clouds dimm'd its fair hue!
I swore to love thee by Luna's light,
But, ere morn, wan'd her halo bright.

I swore by the constant bird of night,
But, ere winter came, she wing'd her flight!
I swore by the rose's glowing red,
But, ere eve, she droop'd her gentle head!

And I change like the rest of them, too;
Nothing in life is constantly true!
Nature's most potent charm seem'th to be
Her varying scenes in earth, sky, and sea.

THE BROKEN RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IT was a fortunate thing for many reasons that the Duke of Rosedene was alone when Sir Basil met him, for he had led up gradually to the subject which occupied his thoughts.

Did the Duke come more than once a year to Dene?

Did he know the people at Southwood?

Was it true that a political writer lived at Southwood?

The Duke shrugged his shoulders good-naturedly.

"I really don't know," he said. "Who is he?"

Sir Basil did not know; he was asking for information.

Some one had told him that a political writer lived at Southwood.

"Politics have not been much in my line lately," said the Duke—"not for some years. I am glad they are in yours. I like to see the young men of the country coming forward; it is a healthy sign. What about this man? What is his name?"

"Ray," answered Sir Basil.

"Ray?" repeated the Duke slowly. "Ah, yes! I remember the name very well, but I know nothing of the man. Ray? He was a great Radical; I believe they called him 'the Voice of the People' years ago. I have heard nothing of him for a long time; nor do I take the least interest in him."

"I have been so long away from England that I am often ashamed to find how ignorant I am about men and things."

"My dear Sir Basil, you have no reason whatever to regret your ignorance with regard to Ray. He was one of those who lived on the people and misled them—incited them to riot and rebellion. He never did them any good; and, if my memory serves me rightly, he was once imprisoned for treason."

"Rather a stormy career," said Sir Basil.

"He wrote one or two good things in their way," said the Duke, "but based on a wrong principle. The best pamphlet was called 'An Appeal to the People, by One who Serves Them.' It made some little sensation at the time. As you seem interested, I will make some inquiries, and tell you the result."

Sir Basil dreamed of Hettie all that night, a fact which he explained to himself by saying that he had thought a good deal about her singing.

When he woke from his sleep, he was murmuring to himself the name of "Hettie Ray."

There was a strange charm in it for him.

He liked to think of her as a politician's daughter, even though the father had been a notorious Radical.

"I have made inquiries about this Ray, Sir Basil," the Duke said a few days later. "I find that he is an ill-conditioned, miserable kind of man."

"I expected so," returned Sir Basil.

"He is a dangerous dog with his teeth drawn. He is old and infirm; he will never do any more mischief in this world. I hear that through ill-health and failure in means he has come to Southwood to live the remainder of his days in peace."

"An aged lion," said Sir Basil.

"Exactly so. They tell me that he has a good and beautiful daughter who keeps him by her own exertions; but no one seems to think much of him or to take any notice of him. If it is nothing to you," added the Duke, "I would rather that you did not mention to any one the fact that Ray, the once famous 'Voice of the People,' lives near here."

"Why?" asked Sir Basil, more suddenly than politely.

But the Duke did not seem at all disturbed by the question.

"The man is, and always has been, mad with morbid vanity and a desire for publicity. I should not like my visitors to know anything about him. He would get up some kind of sensation—a paper war of some kind, if he had the chance. I am glad the hills shut us off from Southwood. I have a great dislike for men of that stamp."

It was in consequence of this that Sir Basil never mentioned the name of Ray in the presence of the guests at Dene Abbey.

He would not do anything against the Duke's wish; nor had he the least desire to draw any attention to this man.

He never spoke of the music at Southwood Church again; but the less he said the more deeply he thought on the subject.

Upon one thing he was quite determined—he would go and see Martin Ray.

He was in some measure a public man, and he would not resent the visit.

He succeeded in convincing himself that his intended visit had nothing whatever to do with Hettie.

He wanted to see a man who had been a popular celebrity.

At the same time he determined to be thoroughly prudent.

He would not in any way compromise the Duke.

He need not announce his name or say where he was staying.

He was simply about to call upon a man who had once been famous, but who was now forgotten; and Sir Basil persuaded himself it was a kindly thing to do, to pay respect to fallen greatness.

So one autumn day Sir Basil strolled over to Rosewalk.

He told Leah that he was going for a long ramble; but he did not ask her to accompany him.

There was in his mind no direct thought that he was going somewhere clandestinely.

He climbed the steep hill once more, and there before him lay the pretty town of Southwood.

He saw how it seemed to wind up the hill, beginning at the foot with humble cottages, and ending with handsome villas as it approached the summit.

He saw near the brow of the hill a pretty green lane with tall hedgerows, and he decided that that must be Rosewalk.

In the midst stood a small cottage half-buried in foliage.

He did not know why his heart beat fast when he saw it.

A sudden fit of timidity came over him.

What if he should see the beautiful singer, or if, from one of those flower-wreathed windows, he should hear her voice?

After walking so far, his courage failed him; he passed through the lane and did not even look at the cottage he had come to see.

He felt ashamed of himself, and went back again—the lane was a long one.

When he returned, he found that an elderly man was standing watching the passing of a ship at sea.

The scene was so beautiful that he was charmed with it—the blue waters, the white-sailed ship, the grassy hill, the peaceful green lane, the picturesque flower-hidden cottage.

The man stood looking over a low ivy-hidden wall.

Some instinct told him that this was Martin Ray.

"This is a lovely scene, sir," Sir Basil remarked as he paused in front of the old man.

And then Sir Basil was slightly disconcerted.

He hardly knew what next to say.

He stood and looked, first at the blue rippling waters, and then at the stern, worn, haggard man.

It was better perhaps to be frank.

"I am looking," he said quietly, "for the house of Mr. Martin Ray. Can you tell me if this be it?"

"I am Martin Ray," answered the other briefly.

And again Sir Basil was nonplussed.

The man raised himself from his leaning attitude, and looked at the handsome dark face before him.

"You wanted to see my house and me—why?" he asked.

And then Sir Basil's sense of good breeding came to his aid.

"My reason is very simple," replied Sir Basil, raising his hat. "I heard that you were living here, and I wished to see one who, rightly or wrongly, has been a leader amongst the people."

"Are you of my way of thinking?" asked Martin abruptly.

"No, I am not," replied Sir Basil. "You carry to excess that which I believe in but little. I hold a middle path between you and those whom you would call your enemies."

"A middle path," repeated Martin. "Ah, then you will not interest me!"

"I am not sure that I wish to do so," said Sir Basil. "It was not with a view of interesting you that I desired to see you."

"I did not intend to be rude," returned Martin Ray. "I mean this—that my life has been a fierce fight. I know but two extremes. You must forgive me—I hate all mediocrity."

"You are like an old soldier who smells gunpowder," said Sir Basil good-temperedly. "You would enjoy a warm political argument with me; but it is not possible. I am only just beginning to understand matters. I could not hold my own with you"—which words delighted Martin. "I have not had the advantage of an English education; my youth has been spent in Italy, and politics have formed no part of my training."

"A sad pity! An English lad should be reared in England," remarked Martin Ray gruffly.

"There is an exception to every rule, and every creature living has to bow to circumstances," said Sir Basil. "No man can be so arrogant as to stand up and say, 'All other men should do this or that.'"

"Perhaps not," admitted Martin more humbly.

"In a few months or a few years," continued Sir Basil, "I shall be better informed about politics than I am now. I intend to read, to study, to think; and then, when I have mastered both sides of the various questions, I shall be able to form clear and decided views of my own."

"That is right," said Martin.

"At present I am inclined to trust in what I should call the happy medium. All my faith does not lie with those who believe in the divine right of kings, nor yet with those who would make a 'king's crown fair target for good shot.' I have read some of your writings. You go too far; they bristle with sedition."

"You are plain-spoken," said Martin Ray.

"I believe in truth and plain words," replied Sir Basil. "I have heard that you are out of health, and that of late you have not been fortunate. I hope it is not so."

"It is quite true," was the answer.

Martin Ray was beginning to like this handsome frank young man who was evidently interested in him.

If any one had whispered to him that this was caused by the fact that he was Hettie's father he would have scouted the idea.

"My health and strength have failed me," he said; and there was a certain dignity in his pathos. "I am a dead lion; and every one knows that a live dog is better. Time was when my 'roar' struck the ear of hundreds—now it is not heard. I have outlived myself. I had great hopes once, great ambitions. I must have been mad when I dreamed that I should be the elected leader of a free people."

"All Englishmen are free," said Sir Basil.

"Ah," he cried, with sudden energy and fire, "but they have not the same freedom that I would have given them! I have been mad all my life, I believe; but I have had dreams of a grand nation, a grand people, free from taxes and national debt—free, and led by me. There have been times when I have seemed even to myself, by the splendor of my own dreams, more than human, more than man. Now my dreams, my pride, and my very life almost have come to an end."

"I cannot quite see the sense of your argument," said Sir Basil. "If a people are to be led, what does it matter whether they are led by a high-souled generous king, by a noble woman like our Queen, or by a man like yourself, whose rule would of necessity be inferior, because your education and learning must be inferior?"

"I will answer that question another time," replied Martin Ray, with a nod of dismissal. "Come and see me again. You have stirred an old pain in my heart. Good-bye."

And without another word Sir Basil retraced his steps to Dene Abbey, thinking the whole way of the man he had just left.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON that same evening a large party was assembled at Dene Abbey, and Sir Basil made a great effort to give his mind to the present.

He tried to forget the beautiful voice he had heard and the sweet face he had seen in the old gray church; he tried to forget the stern haggard man looking with sad wearied eyes over the waste of waters.

He did his best; but the eyes of love are keen, and Leah saw that he was quiet and talked less than usual.

How she loved him!

How her whole heart shone in her face as she went up to him!

How the love-light glistened in her dark eyes, and the sweet sensitive lips trembled with their love-sighs!

She had a pretty caressing fashion of going behind him and whispering loving words that no one else could hear.

"Basil, my darling," she said tremulously, "you have tired yourself with that long ramble. I felt almost jealous because you did not ask me to go with you."

He wondered, in a dull vague kind of fashion, why his heart did not beat more quickly for the love this queenly beautiful woman lavished on him, for the words she whispered in his ear, for the warm caressing touch of her white hands.

Why was it?

He forced himself to talk to her, and he promised to row her as far as St. Margaret's Bay on the morrow.

"I will sing for you," she said. "A new song came for me this morning. It is dedicated to me. I have been asked twenty times to-day to sing it; but I resolved that you should be the first to hear it. It is called 'The Tryst;' the words and the accompaniment are alike beautiful. Listen, and tell me what you think."

"I will come with you," he said.

He was sitting at the far end of the room, away from the piano.

"No; I want you to stay here and listen critically," she replied laughingly.

He did listen critically, wondering what there was in the rich contralto that reminded him so forcibly of the clear ringing soprano he had heard in the old gray church.

He heard each word distinctly.

"She glided o'er the meadow grass,
And through the young green corn;
Sweet as the summer blooms she was,
And fresh as summer morn.
We laughed and loved beside the brook,
That sang its gay refrain;
And where we met that day, my love,
We swore to meet again.

"But ere the grass was dry and brown,
Amid the ripening corn,
Up to the churchyard on the down
A maiden's corpse was borne.
I weep alone beside the brook,
All swoll'n with autumn rain;
For where we met that day, my love,
We shall not meet again."

There was profound silence in the room when the music ceased.

No one spoke to Leah as she went back to her place by her lover's side.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"How could I help it?" he cried. "But there is something strangely familiar to me in your voice. I have a peculiar weird sensation, as though I had heard it in another world."

"That is impossible," she replied laughingly. "If I had met you in another world I should have remembered it. I was jealous and pained for whole days after you said that you thought another face fairer—no, sweeter than mine. If my voice reminds you of another's, I will never sing one note to you again."

As she uttered the words her face flushed and the sensitive lips trembled.

He was flattered by her jealousy; but it did not pain him as it would have had he loved her.

"Basil," she said gently, "do you think I am very jealous?"

"I do not know, Leah. I hope not. I should imagine that to be jealous must cause acute pain."

She opened her beautiful dark eyes more widely than ever.

"Do you not know what it is like," she said—"this pain of jealousy?"

"No," he replied. "I do not remember that I was ever jealous in my whole life. "Ah, yes, once, I remember! When my sister's lover came, and I knew in my boyish heart that he was to take her from me—I was jealous then. I did not eat or sleep; I was inconsolable; and I remember well that the pain was real—a hot bitter sense of injury and wrong. I remember too that for a time I hated the man who was going to marry her. I have never been jealous since."

"Never?" asked Leah.

"No," Sir Basil laughed; "I may safely say never."

"Do you think that jealousy is a sign of love?" asked Leah wistfully.

"I cannot tell; I have never thought about it," he replied. "I should almost say not."

"And I think the two must go together," said Leah. "I am jealous. I think if you, Basil, were to love or praise any one very much I should be miserable. I am sure that, if you paid much attention to any one else, or said that any girl was very pretty, or looked at one as though you admired her very much, I should be jealous."

"I do not see why," he said gently.

"Ah, then you do not understand, Basil!" she rejoined. "I cannot help it. I do not wish to be jealous; I do not make myself jealous; it comes naturally. Yesterday, when you were talking to Lady Grantleigh, she was laughing and looking up at you; and your eyes were so bright, Basil, I felt a pain as of a wound inflicted by a sharp knife. I could not help it; it came and went. Basil," she whispered, bending her beautiful head, "have you ever been jealous of me?"

"No," he replied frankly, "never, Leah."

A shade of disappointment came over her brilliant face.

"Never, Basil? Ah, then, I am sure you do not love me as much as I love you. Are you quite sure?"

"I am sure," laughed Sir Basil.

She knitted her brows with an air of perplexity.

"I do not understand that. When you see other men around me, and hear the compliments they pay me, do you never feel any jealousy?"

"No; on the contrary, I like to see you admired?"

"The other day," she continued, "when Major Stapleton followed me to the piano, and would turn over the leaves of my song, looking so sentimental about it, were you not jealous?"

"No; I thought him very kind," answered Sir Basil cheerfully.

"I will try to make you jealous," she said, after a few moments' thought.

He looked at her gravely.

"Never play with fire, Leah," he remarked. "We are happy. What new element do you want to introduce into our happiness?"

A slight quiver passed over the scarlet flowers at her breast stirred, the white jewels trembled.

Ah, what indeed?

Why was she not content?

"I do not want a new," she said—"only to deepen an old one."

"What is that, Leah?" he asked.

"I should like you to love me more," she said. "Sometimes it seems to me that I ask for bread, and you give me a stone. It may be my fancy; but I cannot help thinking that I love you more than you love me."

"How can you measure love?" he asked.

"By love," she replied quickly. "There is no other way."

"You must have patience with me, Leah," he said. "I am a novice in all these matters."

"You ought not to be a novice now," she replied. "I wish you would tell me when you really begin to love me."

There is nothing more embarrassing or irritating to a man than to have his love probed by a woman when he is conscious of a deficiency in his affection.

Sir Basil was always at a loss how to answer Leah when she talked to him in this fashion.

She had asked him so many questions about his love for her, and he had no answer to make, the simple fact being that he had never thought of loving her until Sir Arthur had placed the matter before him.

"Leah, you like to talk about love," he said, endeavoring to turn the conversation.

"Do I?" she questioned gently. "It must be because my heart is so full of it."

Afterwards she wondered if it was wise or prudent to let him know how dearly she loved him.

Yet how could she help it?

And why, as he loved her—why, as she was to be his wife, should she be ashamed to show her affection?

She left Sir Basil more than a little puzzled.

If jealousy were part of love, then sure-

odly he knew not love, for he knew not jealousy.

And he wondered whether Leah would ever find this out.

CHAPTER XXX.

SIR BASIL CARLTON was clever and ambitious.

He was most desirous of making up for lost time.

He regretted the long years spent away from England.

It was true that he had acquired a knowledge of art that he could have gained in no other way—music, painting, sculpture, were household words to him; but he regretted that he had not secured the education usually given to an English boy.

Nothing, he fancied, could ever atone to him for the loss of that.

He found that in England politics occupied the same place as the fine arts did in Italy.

He found himself looked up to when the question was one of music, of painting, or sculpture; but, when he essayed to discuss politics, men smiled—and Sir Basil was not one of those who were content to be smiled at.

He was determined to master the questions of the day, to see what was to be said on every side, to form his own opinions slowly, not hurriedly, and then to give his time, attention, and interest to whatever side he embraced.

He longed to be a statesman; politics delighted him.

He could not take up the pen—he had no facility for literary work; he did not care to enter the army or navy; and he was not content to live without occupation.

He was wealthy; his estate of Glen was a most valuable one; and hundreds of men in his place would have thought of nothing but a life of indolence and pleasure.

Sir Basil thought only of what he could do to make his life useful; he had no idea of living at ease in a world where there was so much that required doing.

He resolved to study politics; and he was well pleased that chance had made him acquainted with one who in his time had caused some stir in the political world.

Sir Arthur Hatton, had he lived in olden times, would have been a cavalier of most perfect type; the Duke of Rosedene was a devout believer in the divine right of kings.

Martin Ray believed in nothing except the rights of the people. *Vox populi vox Dei* was his maxim; so that Sir Basil had every opportunity of hearing all sides of the question.

When he started for Rosewalk the next day, he honestly believed that he was going to see Martin Ray from the most honorable and the highest motives.

He might, of course, see the beautiful singer again; it was not improbable; but he was not going for that purpose.

A second time he left the Abbey for a long ramble without asking Leah to accompany him.

This time she noticed it, but said nothing.

The wind was keen that autumn afternoon.

It brought a delicious freshness from the ocean and the scent of the wild thyme on the hill-top.

When he reached Rosewalk, a young and beautiful girl was seated near the wall overlooking the sea.

What, at the first sight of her, made his heart beat so fast?

He had to pass close by her; but he would not look at the golden hair and sweet face.

He went into the quaint flower-wreathed porch and rapped at the door.

Then, as one watches things in a dream, he saw the young girl arise and walk toward him with a firm graceful step.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"I want to see Mr. Martin Ray."

She drew back a little, and looked at him with the air of one surprised.

"My father?" she replied. "He is not at home."

The blue eyes looked in his for a moment, then they fell, and a soft color like that of the fairest petal of a rose covered her face; the dark eyes looking at her were so full of passionate admiration that she could not raise her own to his again.

"Not at home?" repeated Sir Basil.

"I am sorry for that.

"I was to see him to-day, and I have walked some distance.

"Have I your permission to wait until he returns?"

She looked slightly confused at first; then she felt that it would be impossible to refuse.

"She was only too pleased that her father should have a call from so pleasant a visitor.

"You can wait if you wish to do so," she replied; "but the hour of his return is quite uncertain."

"If you will allow me, I will risk it," he said.

"I do not think any one could find a more beautiful spot than this in which to while away the time.

He sat down on the pretty rustic bench, which was so placed that one could see the incoming tide.

The waves were rolling in grandly; the wind had freshened, and they broke in sheets of white foam.

The sunlight lay on the sea and on the sea and on the shore, on the white cliffs and on the green hill; it fell on the golden hair and sweet face opposite to him.

A feeling of perfect rest came over him, of happiness such as in his whole life he had never known before.

For a few minutes they were silent.

Hettie did not raise her eyes from her work, and he was wondering why the presence of this one woman made such a difference in him.

No man living had a keener sense of honor than Sir Basil, but it stole upon him unawares, this sweet glamor of love, and had made its home in his heart long before he knew that it was there.

"I heard you singing in church last Sunday," he said.

"I have been staying in this neighborhood for some little time.

"You have a very beautiful voice; I was quite delighted with it."

"I am fond of music," she answered—"above all things, I am fond of singing; it is the one pleasure of my life.

"I forget everything else when I sing," she said.

"Is there so much in your life that you would like to forget," he asked suddenly—"so young a life as yours?"

Her thoughts flew to Leah.

Surely no one in the world had so much to forget as she, who had lost this best-beloved sister.

"I am not sure," she replied.

"There are some things I should like to be able to think less about."

She did not wish to forget Leah, but she would gladly have thought less bitterly of her loss.

While singing she forgot the keen pain, but never the cause of it.

"I should not have thought," he said, "that you had had any trouble in life.

"You are young, and your face has something of the joy of childhood in it."

She smiled and blushed when she saw his eyes, so full of admiration, bent upon her.

Then he talked to her of the country, of the sea, and of her father, and he was delighted at her enthusiasm about him.

If the scales had fallen from her eyes, she would not admit it even to herself.

With all the force of her loving, tender nature, she clung not only to her father as he actually was, but even to the ideal she had formed of him.

It was touching to hear her speak of him; in his fallen estate he was even greater in her eyes than he had been before.

His discontent, irritation, anger, and gloom made no difference to her; his words to her were always full of wisdom.

It was natural that he should feel hurt; the world, she believed, had been cruel to him—had under-valued him and ill-used him.

If gentle Hettie in her heart hated anything, it was this world which had not acknowledged her father's worth.

She did not know much about his doctrines and belief; he had not given himself the trouble to teach her.

She had every quality that went to make a noble woman; but she was not talented.

There was always that line between Leah and Hettie.

Leah had genius; she had the touch of divine fire that separates those who have it from the whole world.

Martin Ray, knowing ...is, ha. ..over tried to teach Hettie; she was the better able to love him.

"There must be good," Sir Basil said to himself, "in one who is loved as she loves her father."

And, though the Duke, in his quiet haughty way, had denounced him, Martin Ray rose from that moment in Sir Basil's estimation.

When once Hettie had lost her shy embarrassed manner, she talked to Sir Basil with all the ease and grace that was natural to her.

He told her of the picture in the Academy, and she was amused to hear about it, and in her turn related how the artist came to Southwood in search of picturesque scenes, and saw her sitting by this same wall, and begged that he might take a sketch of her face.

She did not know that the picture had been the success of the year.

He told her all about it.

"You seem to live quite out of the world here," he said, when she expressed her surprise.

And then she told him of her busy life, and how, do what she would, she could not make the days long enough.

He sat by the ivy-covered wall more than an hour; and, when at last he rose, longing to stay, yet aware that he had been there long enough, they both felt as if they had been friends for years.

Hettie was a little dismayed when she remembered how freely she had talked to one who was an entire stranger after all.

She had conversed with him as though he had been a life-long friend, and she did not even know his name; but he had called to see her father, and it would have been rude to let him sit alone and not speak to him.

Presently she forgot all about her imprudence and only remembered how pleasant the interview had been—the murmur of the deep voice had been musical as the ripple of the waters or the song of the birds, and she seemed still to hear it; then the handsome face, with its keen dark eyes—she had seen no such face before!

The work on which she had been so busy fell from her hands, and she began to dream.

Would such a pleasant hour ever come again?

Would she see him and speak to him again?

If not, she thought to herself, this was certainly the happiest hour she had had in her life.

How well he seemed to comprehend her!

He understood too about her father, and her contempt for a world which did not appreciate him.

He, this young stranger with the dark noble face, had seemed to read and divine her thoughts.

Her eyes looked smilingly over the sea.

He was different from the type of men who had come to see her father hitherto.

During her whole life she did not remember to have talked to any one like him.

The gentlemen whose little children she taught were something like him, yet far inferior.

She liked to recall the grace of his words and his looks.

A soft dreamy smile played over her lips, her heart was stirred with a faint sense of pleasure.

The western wind and the autumn flowers were all part of her dream.

If she had never seen him again, that dream would have remained with her a happy memory, a little oasis of bright coloring amid the gray monotony of her dull every-day life, a picture to look back upon.

The music of the sea was sweeter that night than ever; and Hettie fell asleep with a smile on her lips, and dreamed of a dark face, and dark eyes that said to her what no other eyes had said.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SIR BASIL called several times at Rosewalk; and Martin Ray who had all his life hated every one who could be called aristocratic, took a fancy to him.

They did not agree in all respects.

Sir Basil told him frankly that he thought some of his ideas terrible and hideous.

"You will see," said Martin.

"You will live longer than I shall.

"What I now teach the world it will believe and practice when the stinging-nettles are growing over my grave."

"Why do you suppose that your grave will be covered with stinging-nettles?" asked Sir Basil.

Martin laughed a bitter little cynical laugh.

"I do not imagine that any one living will care to plant flowers there," he replied.

They were both startled by a cry of pain.

"How can you say so, father?

"After giving you my life, do you think I shall forget you in death?"

Sir Basil never forgot the reproach in the sweet face that quivered with pain.

The blue eyes had a strained, hunted expression.

They were all three standing within the pretty porch when this conversation took place.

Hettie forgot everything, except that her heart was wounded.

She went up to her father with a little cry of outraged love, and put her arms around his neck.

"Dear," she said, "if I live the longer, I will be as faithful to you in death as I have been in life."

"I know that; you are a good child," he responded.

He caressed the shining golden hair lovingly; but before him rose the brilliant face of the child he loved with his whole heart, and who had renounced him, and something of repressed impatience came into his manner.

The child who had renounced him and his doctrines, his life, and the mission he had given her was still a thousand times dearer to Martin Ray than the child who had served him with tender, faithful, devoted love.

Something in this little scene struck Sir Basil forcibly.

He admired the daughter's devotion: but what did that hungry wistful despair in her father's face mean?

Why was he not comforted by the sweet love of his daughter?

Why had he not taken her in his arms and thanked her tenderly for her great devotion?

They were talking together one morning, while Hettie was away giving her lessons; and Sir Basil said laughingly that it was strange they had met so often without Martin ever knowing his name.

There was something impressive in the gesture with which Martin suddenly held up his hand.

"Is it a name that you have made for yourself?" he asked.

"No; it was made for me," replied Sir Basil.

"Then I do not want to know it.

"As a man with good intentions, I like you; you are straightforward, honest, and honorable; but, if you have one of those names with a 'handle,' probably borne by many generations of men who have lived upon their fellow-men, I do not wish to know it.

"The first time I saw you I thought you looked like an aristocrat.

"If you are one, do not tell me so; it will spoil my opinion of you."

"It shall be as you will," laughed Sir Basil.

"If ever I do make my name famous, I will disclose it to you; if not——"

"I do not care for a title that has been handed from father to son.

"I like a name that has been fairly earned.

"Strange to say, my wife was prouder of her grand old name than of anything else.

"It was singular that she should marry a man like me."

Sir Basil bethought himself that the Duke had desired him, should he ever make the acquaintance of Martin Ray, not to mention his name.

"If you call me 'Glen,'" he said, "I shall understand; and that name will do as well as any other."

"I hope," said Martin half savagely, "that you are not a young duke in disguise."

"I am quite sure of that," replied Sir Basil, laughing.

"I am neither duke nor 'belted earl.'"

"It would be hard work to hate you; but I should hate you if you were," said Martin.

From that time he always called Sir Basil 'Glen;' and when Hettie spoke of him it was as 'Mr. Glen.'

It often happened that when he called at the cottage he found Hettie home alone; and then they talked together by the ivy-covered wall.

"Knowing you has made such a difference in our lives," she said to him one morning.

"My father seems so much better for it.

"You cheer him, and give him back some of the old fire which had nearly died out.

"I am glad for his sake that you find time to visit us."

"Are you not glad for any other reason?" he asked.

"Are you not pleased to see me yourself?"

Then he remembered that he had no right to say such words to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"I express myself badly.

"What I mean is, that I receive more pleasure in being allowed to call here than I can possibly give."

It was such sudden abrupt changes in his manner that made her think more of him perhaps than she otherwise would have thought.

He exhibited at times a certain degree of tenderness, which would vanish like magic and give place to silence that was almost stern.

Sir Basil was very kind to the man whom every one else deemed to have forsaken.

He brought him newspapers.

If he heard him express a desire for a particular book, he obtained it for him.

More than once, when Martin looked ill and feeble, he had sent a case of choice wine.

Martin Ray took it all in good part; it was a tribute to his worth that he quite approved.

"There is the making of a fine man in Glen," he would say to Hettie.

"Is he not a fine man now?" she would ask half timidly.

And Martin would shake his head.

"Not yet.

He could be trained.

"He has genius, and he has eloquence; he would make a good orator.

"I like him; but my own impression is that his ideas are not yet sound, that he is studying the two great questions, hesitating between the two great parties."

"You must help him, father," Hettie would answer blithely—"no one understands these matters so well as you do."

And such demonstrations of faith in him pleased Martin Ray.

It was impossible that these long absences should pass unnoticed.

Not that Leah was unreasonable, or expected Sir Basil to follow her like her shadow, but she did wonder why he never asked her to accompany him.

"Another long ramble, Basil?" she said one morning, as he passed her in the hall.

"I am afraid we shall have rain."

"It looks like it," he returned; but he did not offer to remain at home.

"I will go with you to the park gate," she said.

She always looked so beautiful in the old-fashioned broad-brimmed garden-hat that threw a softened shade on her lovely face.

Her dress of pale amber trailing over the green grass became her admirably.

"They will be the handsomest pair in England," the Duchess remarked, as she caught sight of them from the conservatory.

"You worship beauty, Duchess," said the General.

"When I see it," she replied.

Leah and Sir Basil went through the grounds to the gates of the park.

"Shall you be long, Basil?" she asked wistfully.

He noticed that she did not ask where he was going.

"No; I am going to Southwood, Leah," he replied.

"The fact is, I have made the acquaintance of a famous old politician there, and his arguments interest me."

The words conveyed no meaning to her.

That the old politician should be her father, Martin Ray, never occurred to her.

Never were two persons so near a truth without revealing it; never did the points of two lives meet so closely, and then diverge.

If she had merely said—

"What politician?" or "Who is he?" he would have answered—

"Martin Ray," and who can tell how different many lives would have been?

She was engrossed in her lover and everything concerning him; but she was not curious, and was not given to questioning him.

She knew that he was greatly interested in the political struggle of the day; she knew also that he hoped in time to become a statesman; and that an old politician should instruct and amuse him seemed to her quite natural.

It was a strange decree of fate that the

man whom she loved with all her heart should have met and grown interested in the father she had renounced.

"Basil," she said gaily, "I shall take to politics.

"When you are a great statesman, Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Prime Minister, you will want a political wife.

"I shall give grand dinner parties, and cajole everybody into telling me his secrets."

"You will have to be very clever to do that, Leah," Sir Basil rejoined, laughing.

"I shall manage it.

"You will see that I shall learn all the plans of the various parties for you.

"I am sure that I will make an excellent wife for a statesman."

They had reached the park gates, and she continued—

"If I had anything but a garden-hat on, I would accompany you, Basil.

"The house is dull to me when your are out of it.

"Make haste home again, dear."

How she loved him!

How grateful he ought to have been for such love!

How happy he ought to have been!

Yet he sighed as he climbed the hill and caught sight of the restless sea; and his face, when Martin Ray saw him, was not the face of a happy man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BARBARA GRAHAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE MARRIED."

"MABEL MAY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

"ERNEST," said she, "it was my fault."

He started, and a quick stern look came across his face.

"It was my fault," she continued. "that mamma did not tell you the whole; but I begged her not to compromise Barbara. But I believe the real truth was, that she was attached to a Mr. Seafield before she came to us, and that she had been for some time restless and unhappy at the restrictions put on her movements in our house. He taught her music before she left the Asylum where she was brought up; and I am afraid that this foolish fancy made her impertinent and ungrateful to mamma."

"But, Pauline, dearest, are you certain of this?" said Ernest, gravely.

"The poor girl seemed so retiring, so proud for one in so difficult a position, that I can hardly fancy she would be guilty of any levity."

"I am not surprised, dear Ernest," said Pauline.

"I will not say one word against the poor girl; still, to lose your good opinion is more painful.

"I was so fond of her, and I know that others shared your opinion of her on first acquaintance.

"Philip Joddrell and Mr. Ashley were both so struck with her singing, and the sad, proud look she always had, that they both showed her great attention and kindness; but Philip very soon drew back in disgust, as his aunt told mamma just before we left London; and Mr. Ashley, I know, brought her home on the very day you first arrived, from some very questionable position in which he found her.

"Of course mamma could not have sanctioned all that impropriety, dear Ernest, in her own daughter.

"Should you like your Lina to behave so lightly?

"With all her giddiness, you would not suspect her of that, would you, cousin?"

"I should not think my cousin could have either the temptation or the opportunity," he said, rather gravely.

"But enough of this painful subject, darling, which has arisen between us, I scarcely know how.

"Let us speak of our own happier hopes and prospects.

"I, for one, can fear nothing from my Lina's sweet, docile innocence, and she can surely trust herself to my guidance, my care, my protecting love.

"Is it not so?

"Shall we not henceforth have one future to look forward to, Pauline—one mutual and undying faith and dependence on each other?"

It was a strange wooing: for even as Ernest spoke and gazed at that lovely, fascinating, girlish creature, a misgiving, a shadow came to dim the brightness of the image, and the girl herself shrunk from the grave and exacting words, which she instinctively felt were only a type of his firm, deep, and resolute nature.

"A little time hence, Ernest; I am very young yet," she murmured, though her head fell on his shoulder, and there was a slight but visible pressure of the hand that clasped hers.

"Why wait?" he asked. "Why waste any of the first sweet brightness of your youth, darling?

"I would have you all—all my own, to love and cherish, and guard, in the innocent, unsuspecting softness and gaiety of your age and nature.

"Let there be no delay, dear one.

"We cannot tell what even a few short months, nay weeks, may bring.

"It is never too soon for love and happiness."

Pauline's lips moved; but Ernest had to bend down to catch the words, "As you will."

He pressed his lips tenderly, gently, respectfully even, on the beautiful cheek and mouth, and drew her softly into his arms. But the form he clasped shivered slightly in his embrace; and even as he sealed the mutual pledge of their troth, the face of another, less beautiful, but with a far more irresistible fascination in its dark eyes and speaking features, rose before him, and the tones of a rich, low voice, with feeling and intellect breathing in its expressive accents, sounded in his ears.

How was it that the accepted lover of the beautiful heiress should bestow a thought, in that eventful hour, on the absent, the obscure, the maligned Barbara Graham?

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE days had lengthened into weeks since the lonely orphan had begun life's struggles in earnest, and learned far more than she had dreamed of its bitter lessons.

Long hours of patient, irksome drudgery at the house of her new patroness, succeeded often by nights of tearful memory and dreary anticipation, had made up that short yet tedious period, which, to Barbara Graham, seemed more like years than weeks. The sole event which had varied its sameness was the due fulfilment of the unknown promise to fetch the narrative he had requested of Barbara.

But weeks had elapsed, and still no sign had been made in token of the reality or truth of his mysterious prophecies; and Barbara gradually relinquished the vague hope which, even to herself, now appeared wild and absurd.

Not a line, not a rumor had reached Barbara in her obscure solitude of those she loved; and she began to feel as if the past had been a dream, and that the fairy-like Lillian, the beautiful, graceful Pauline, the noble Sidney Ashley, and last, though yet first, the intellectual, singular, fascinating, considerate Ernest Forbes, were beings of a sphere too removed from her own for her to realise her former connection with them.

Perhaps the luxury and magnificence of the house where so many of her hours were past might recall something of the splendor of her temporary home; but there was even then a lack of the refinement and grace which had prevaded every arrangement of Mrs. Forbes, and the illusion was therefore dispelled.

Barbara was tying on her bonnet after one of those weary days when patience and taste had been tried to the very utmost, when Mrs. Vere suddenly returned to the room she had just left.

She was a gorgeous-looking woman, scarcely over thirty-five in real age, and made up to look at least five years less.

There was a bold, magnificent style in her dark beauty, that somewhat dazzled at first sight; but it soon palled, as did the meretricious glare of the false aids, and bold, hard, unfemininess of the expression.

Barbara sometimes suspected she was not of the country in which she had lived and married; but still the accent which betrayed it was so slight, and the airs and manner appeared so peculiarly her own, that the girl would relinquish the idea, and conclude that no foreigner could have spoken and adopted the language and customs of our country so completely.

Her dress was perhaps somewhat too showy and glaring for pure English taste: and yet it was not in bad keeping with the peculiar style of her beauty, if beauty it could be called.

She stood for a moment contemplating the quiet, plain bonnet and mantle which Barbara was arranging with her instinctive taste and style, and then deigned to announce the object of her return to the apartment.

"Miss Graham," she began, "I forgot to say that I expect some friends this evening.

"You will be so good as to return in time for any assistance that I may require."

Barbara was not altogether unused to encroachments on her hours of leisure; but on this occasion her patroness's request appeared unusually irritating.

She had nearly completed a tale—a short, yet piquant, eloquent transcript of her life's experience, in veiled yet graphic form.

The characters, the thoughts, the feelings were her own experience; the events, the denouement of the story, her own imagining.

She had written and re-written the tale, and her own pure taste and cultivated intellect had told her that this first offspring of her pen was of no common merit.

It had been the consolation of many sad and dreary hours—the vent for her romantic, beautiful imaginings, her deep sorrow, her unconfessed love, which had spoken under that safe and impervious disguise.

And now that a few more hours alone were needed for its completion, and her brain was busy with the last, beautiful touches to its polished and graceful style, this exacting, penurious, haughty woman, claimed even this brief interval of dream-land happiness for the dreary duties of drawing-room pianiste.

But there was no alternative, so the girl gave a proud, silent curtsey, in token of assent, and the lady left the room.

Barbara waited for a few moments, and then she quickly left the room, and passed down the staircase and through the spacious hall with a light, noiseless step.

As she passed the door of the boudoir, she heard a voice which made her start and pause involuntarily.

It was that of one who had more than once soothed her in her hours of humiliation and sorrow, and spoken cheering and animating prophecies and sympathy in her stricken childhood, it was the voice of Sidney Ashley.

Barbara's heart leapt at the familiar sound; it was so soothing in the dreariness of her present life, among strange, unfamiliar faces.

He was speaking eagerly, rapidly, and yet in the low tones of suppressed and deep emotion; and to Barbara's surprise, she caught the sound of Mrs. Vere's Christian name, spoken with unusual vehemence.

"Bianca," he said, "if you really know anything that can clear the memory of that unhappy one, then I implore you, speak!"

Barbara hurried on, her fine sense of honor forbidding her to gain thus surreptitiously the slightest hint of the secrets of her benefactor.

And yet she could not but marvel at the strange affinity that seemed to exist between one so refined, so high-born, as Sidney Ashley, and the coarser, more vehement tone of the woman with whom he appeared so intimate.

He was no genial, easy-tempered man to establish such familiarity, unless some closer connection than mere friendship existed between them; and yet he had called Mrs. Vere "Bianca," and alluded to scenes evidently long passed away.

Barbara remembered that Mr. Ashley had alluded to some deep-seated sorrow, rankling wound from the treachery of one dearly loved.

Could a sister—a relative of the gorgeous but coarse-minded woman, whose ill-concealed hauteur she had been quietly, and even contemptuously enduring, be the being thus dearly loved, thus long and bitterly lamented?

The girl could scarcely bring herself to realize such an idea; and yet, it was the only possibility of explaining the secret which had so much puzzled her.

The evening's penance appeared to lose half its repugnant aspect with this new interest in the possible revelations it might afford; and Barbara's mind, during the remainder of the hours that elapsed before she had to fulfil her wearisome and distasteful task, was even more engrossed with the sorrows and mystery that surrounded her benefactor, than with her own yet more lonely and desolate fate.

Barbara's ears had not played her false.

The occupants of that luxurious and beautiful boudoir at the moment when she passed the half-open door, were Sidney Ashley and Mrs. Vere.

They were seated nearly opposite to each other, so that each could command a full view of the countenance of the other.

Bianca Vere was in her usual luxurious fauteuil, which seemed exactly adapted to her gorgeous person.

The crimson velvet cushions contrasted well with her dark hair and brunette skin; and the rich black velvet robe she wore fell softly and gracefully in ample folds over the low, carved arms, and swept the carpet with its ample fullness.

She looked like a sultana, with all the splendid amplitude and development of person and costume; and there was something of Eastern passion and glitter in her large dark eyes that spoke of a nature more akin to the South or the Orient than the more controlled and calmer Northern temperament.

Sidney Ashley had drawn his chair to the other side of the crimson velvet sofa table that stood by the fauteuil, and his calm, earnest, grave features were in striking contrast to the somewhat sensual beauty of companion.

Still his intellectual face was somewhat more flushed than usual, and his dark eyes shone with a piercing brilliancy that made the dark passionate orbs of the lady sink beneath the questioning penetration of that fixed gaze.

They had sat for a few minutes in silence, after the first earnest greetings.

Bianca Vere knew full well that the visit was not one of mere ceremony—of friendship, for there were memories of the past, and secrets even of the present, that must ever prevent such familiar companionship between those who had known each other but too well in former days.

"It sounds very inhospitable to ask whether I owe this visit to aught but kindly remembrance, Mr. Ashley," said Mrs. Vere who was the first to speak; "and yet, it is so many years since we met, and the associations with our last parting were not so pleasant, as to warrant my receiving you as merely an old friend, after the separation of so many years."

Sidney did not immediately reply; but his quiet gaze seemed annoying to the lady, for her foot moved so impatiently as to disturb even the heavy folds of the velvet, and her hand played nervously with a small paper-cutter she had been using.

"You are as acute as ever, Bianca," he said, at last.

"You comprehend my feelings too well to think that any one who played a conspicuous part in that one wretched episode of my life, could ever be regarded or sought by me as a friend, still less one who is associated inseparably with her whom I would fain forget, now and for ever."

"I thank you for your candor," said the lady, haughtily; "but if it is on business that you have favored me with so unexpected a call, I would suggest that the more quickly and briefly it is explained, the better.

"I at least have no great taste for raking up such old and useless ashes of the past."

"Doubtless the present is an agreeable contrast," said Sidney, gazing round the room, with a sarcastic smile, "and you may prefer forgetting the difference between the position you occupied at Temple Nugent and in Belgrave Square; but I may be permitted to question the possibility of such ignoring of the past, even when not recalled to you by some such unwelcome person as myself."

"Not unwelcome," she said. "If Mr. Ashley remembers that, however humble Bianca Morton may have been, she was at least well born, and as entitled to respect when speaking of that period of her poverty, as Mrs. Vere in her wealth."

She could scarcely have aimed a better or keener shaft, but Sidney was too shrewd and too certain of the suspicions he entertained, to be conquered by even so plausible a reproach.

"I agree with you," he replied significantly. "Nay, I confess I held Bianca Morton in far more respect than Bianca Vere, till I learned to read her more truly."

Mrs. Vere's cheek flushed an angry, flaming crimson.

"May I once more beg you will come to the point?" she said, haughtily. "I have really neither time nor inclination to be insulted by these vague allusions to unfounded and useless memories. What do you want to know—what have you to say to me, after these long, long years?"

Mr. Ashley looked with unmoved and piercing eyes on the angry flushed features.

"The truth, Bianca, the truth!" he repeated, "if it is possible for you to speak it, which some circumstances that I have learned of late make me doubt."

"Then it is a useless loss of time and patience for me to hear or reply," she said, bitterly. "You knew all—had proof of all; what would you more?"

"I thought I knew all—I fancied I had satisfied myself with the actual facts," he replied; "but I doubt it, Bianca. I doubt the causes, though I may know the melancholy results of that heartless treachery."

"Very likely," she said. "It is never pleasant to a man's vanity to be jilted, and therefore he is very ready to throw the blame on any one but himself, or the goddess whom he had discovered to be a mere woman. Still, I must decline being insulted and harassed on that account. If you have any questions to ask, I will listen, and, if I choose, reply to them. I tell you, Sidney Ashley, that Edith never really loved you; and it is on that want of sympathy that you must lay the blame of her conduct to yourself."

"It is false!" he said sharply. "It is not in woman to have worn that look, spoken those words, without love in her heart. There may have been slanders, tempted ambition working on woman's weakness, but not such treachery as that."

Mrs. Vere looked at his agitated features with a half contemptuous bitterness, instead of the angry passion that had for the moment mastered her.

"As you will," she said; "but I think I know very differently. But of what avail is this argument about one so long numbered with the dead?"

"The dead!" he repeated—"yes, perhaps, and yet it does avail. Bianca, I adjure you, I implore you, by every touch of womanly feeling in your own bosom, to clear the memory of that unhappy creature, if it is in your power! It would at least enable me to believe once more in the possibility that there exists truth in your sex."

"As I expect neither love, nor friendship, nor service from Mr. Ashley, I can scarcely be much interested in his sentiment to women in general, or to Edith in particular," replied Mrs. Vere. "I repeat, that my beautiful cousin was more alive to her own attractions than to yours, great as they doubtless may have been, and preferred a sphere where they would be displayed to the utmost, to the charms of Ashley Court and rural felicity."

"A 'rural felicity' that few women in a far higher position would despise," said Ashley. "Better refrain from such random, vague assertions as those, Mrs. Vere, if you wish any credit to be attached to your words. Not only was my fortune ample enough for any woman's desires, but my prospects at that time would have gratified her utmost ambition. But all this is idle. Look here, Bianca! What explanation can you give of this letter? Whose handwriting is this, and what does it mean?"

Bianca Vere held out her hand for the letter he extended to her, but he kept it firmly in his grasp, and only held it before her eyes as she read.

He gazed steadfastly at her as she rapidly and hurriedly cast her eyes over the lines; but, except the quick, angry flash of those dark eyes, and a firm compression of the lips, he could detect no signs of recognition or conscious guilt.

"I should suppose the explanation lay rather with yourself than me," she replied. "You alone can tell whether there is any foundation for the assertions in that carefully guarded epistle."

"Dare you, can you say that you have no knowledge of it and its author, Bianca?" said Ashley. "Who else could thus wantonly desire to wreck my happiness a second time, to accomplish the ruin of every remaining source of comfort, of every link that can make me endure life?"

"And why should I do this?" she asked, with eyes that cowered under his, and a visible paling of the cheek.

"That was a mystery to me till a few hours since," he replied. "I have not yet shown you all that you have to read, and to atone for. Look here. Is this your signature, Bianca? The ink is yellow, and faded, but I can scarcely doubt the familiar characters will be recognized by you. Bianca Morton speaks in too plain terms to be altogether convenient to Bianca Vere, the possessor of a hardly earned station."

The emphasis on the word "hardly" deepened the flame-hues on the lady's cheek, but she took no other notice of the implied taunt as she coldly turned to receive the second paper unfolded for her perusal.

Her self-control had been hitherto admirably preserved, but the document now pre-

sented to her seemed to possess some strange power, which at length vanquished her assumed calmness.

She started violently, turned ashy pale under the borrowed bloom that was too skilfully applied for detection, and looked wildly from the paper to the calm face that was bent over her.

"For mercy's sake, tell me when and how you received this!" she exclaimed. "It is like a missive from the dead! Speak—speak! I cannot bear this torture!"

Sidney Ashley still held the paper before Bianca's eyes that seemed to grow red and fevered as she gazed, and for some moments did not speak.

"You scoffed at the idea of my incredulity as to your knowledge, your share in the great sorrow of my life," he continued. "Do you still deny your share in the great sorrow of my life," he continued. "Do you still deny your possession of the secret that could heal the rankling of the wound? You can comprehend that the misery of such a blow is to think of the being most dearly loved on earth as unworthy. If you will, as I believe you can, remove this one haunting memory which poisons every source of my happiness, and has made me the cold, unloving cynic that I am—why, I will save you from all danger, all exposure, and bless you even while bleeding still from the consciousness of my injustice to the dead. Bianca, will you not speak?—will you not ease your conscience and mine?"

The woman had varied from flaming red to ashy white, and again a deep flush of angry resentment had taken the place of the terror and perhaps remorse she had felt.

"You will learn nothing from me," she replied; nay, you shall never know whether I have anything to tell till you have answered my question—how and where did did you get those papers? They belonged to one long since dead, and some wicked treachery had rescued them from destruction."

"Then you acknowledge them to be yours?"

"If I do, what then?" she asked.

"Then it proves the truth of my accusation, and your guilt," he replied.

"Foolish, self-deceived, vain man!" she exclaimed, passionately. "And so everything is to be turned to bear on your one great folly, the adoration of a pretty face, rather than a heart that could—that might have appreciated and returned your love? Sidney Ashley, I hate—I despise you. Go, and suffer, and suspect, and rake up all your past follies and sufferings! I will neither reply to your questions, nor avert the calamity that hangs over you. Had you known how to deal with me, I might have served you; as it is, I will only help you on your ruin."

Mr. Ashley looked at the working features as he might have done on those of a raving lunatic, with a calm superiority that seemed to inflame the passion it disregarded.

"Bianca, you are a true woman," he said, coolly; "you fancy that you can baffle and conceal what you are yet virtually confessing. It is enough that you thus acknowledge I have an answer to receive, and from this day I shall not rest till I have discovered the truth." The lady laughed.

Her mood seemed to change with the rapidity of a summer sky.

"As you choose," she said; "you will have something else to occupy your time and thoughts ere long, if that letter comes from the source I imagine. Then, when the blow has fallen, and the last remnant of love and happiness, and of the world's honor and wealth, has been taken from you, you can amuse yourself, if you will, by following a Will-o'-the-Wisp idea, till you find even that baseless hope fail, and you will then remember Bianca Morton's prophecy, uttered long, long years ago."

"What prophecy?" he asked.

"That you shall know when the right time comes," she replied, coolly. "I thank you for the sight of those papers, Mr. Ashley. They have given me information; they speak but foolish, enigmatical riddles to you."

"And yet," said he, "you know not whence they came?"

"Perhaps not," she replied; "I was taken by surprise; but my mind is clearer now. May I be rude enough to request you to liberate me? I am going to drive, and the afternoon is going on too rapidly for any further interview."

The cool, haughty courtesy with which she rose, immediately after the alternate passion and terror that had seized her, fairly astonished the experienced, imperturbable Sidney Ashley; but he was not be so baffled by an artful woman.

"I am little used to refuse a wish expressed by woman's lips," he said, with a quiet courtesy that far surpassed her biting sarcasm; "but in this case, politeness must give way to a sterner necessity. "I tell you again, Bianca Vere, that I will expend fortune, time, nay, all that men prize most dear in life, to vindicate the memory of one who, if not guilty, was deeply, bitterly wronged. Nor will you escape the punishment, the scorn, the disgrace you merit, if there is truth and justice in the world, or power in a strong will and a resolute brain. And now, once more, will you reply to my questions?"

She stood before him with a proud unflinching look, and an eye that never fell beneath his stern, indignant gaze.

"I will not," she replied; "and I repeat that I do not in any way acknowledge that your weak, vain clinging to such absurd, wild suggestions, is even entitled to an answer, even a denial of their truth. And now, sir, will you remember that you are a gentleman, and that I, a lady, request, command you to respect my privacy, and leave my house?"

Mr. Ashley could have borne a storm of reproaches, a torrent of biting sarcasms or violent and ominous threats, without swerving from his purpose—of extracting the truth from that unprincipled and defiant woman.

But there was no alternative, from the tone she thus took in her own house, without subjecting himself to insult that he knew her fully capable of offering.

"One moment, Mrs. Vere, and I shall free you from my presence," he said. "On the issue of the present interview depends, it may be, results which you little anticipate. There are secrets in your past life that you might little desire to be brought to light; and I warn you, that no spark of pity for you, as a woman, or as a relative of her once most dear to me, shall induce me to spare you if that is your final decision, and there is to be war between us. Perhaps you may find that I am not to be so easily denied a second time, and that the sole weakness to which a strong nature yields has now lost its power in your hands. For the last time, shall we be still enemies—deadly, dire enemies."

It needed a strong, determined nature, and powerful motive, to bear that look and tone unmoved.

Few would have resisted Sidney Ashley in such a mood; few could have defied the iron will, or met unblushingly the firm, stern gaze of those piercing eyes.

But Bianca Vere's courage and resentment seemed only strengthened by his threats, and her tone was as firm as his own.

"I fear nothing but the annoyance of your presence, Mr. Ashley," she replied. "I wish for no further useless, childish attempts to frighten me into humoring your love-sick fancies. Shall I ring for my servant to conduct you to the door?"

With a bow and a smile that derived bitterness from the excess of courtesy, she rang the bell, and left the room before the servant entered to receive her order.

Then she walked rapidly to her own room, and locked the door against all possible intrusion, even from her own maid, ere she gave way to the passion that had been so long pent up.

Deep, gushing sobs, with a stifled, low groaning sound, escaped her lips.

She clasped her hands till the nails pierced the skin, and paced her room with irregular, hurried steps, swaying her body to and fro in the strong agony that shook her to her very core.

"Can it be," she thought, "after all these long years, that I still love, am still the slave of a man who scorns and hates me, who even now is the lover of that detested, haughty cousin, after having cause to loathe her very name? And now, when I thought that all feeling except gratified revenge had passed away; and the great comfort of the dreary, unloved existence I have led in the midst of glare and glitter, was to know, to feel that he was still a lonely, gloomy, cynical man—now, at the first sight of his face, the first sound of his voice, all the old power that he, and he alone, ever exercised over me, returns, and I could have knelt to him for a word, a look of love; and I, the wealthy widow of eight-and-thirty years, could have played the love-sick, idolising idiot, as I could have done eighteen long years since. Why, if he had but lavished on me one tithe of the love he poured out at that hated woman's feet, I would have poured out my heart's blood for him, have watched his every look, hung on his every word, and waited on him like a slave. And, even now, one word of love or sympathy might have touched the spring, and I should have humbled myself with a traitless degradation. But, thank Heaven, his every word roused the old, fierce, jealous spirit within me; and I could have seen him die at my feet before I would have spoken one word to save him from a single pang. Ah! he little knows the slender barrier that needed but one word to have broken down all pride, all jealousy, all revenge, and made me his very slave, to save him from every sorrow, from the ruin, the danger that hangs over him, at the expense of my very life. No, it is past; and I will never waver more in the one purpose of my life—the working out of his utter and hopeless ruin."

She walked hastily to a superb dressing-case that stood on her toilette, and took from it one of the silver-mounted bottles, and poured a wineglassful into a tumbler of water.

She drank off the draught without a moment's hesitation, and then sat down in a large easy chair, quiet and motionless, as she had been fevered and restless.

A sort of dreamy calm seemed to come over her as she half reclined in that luxurious chair, her eyes closed, and a casual observer would have thought that she was sleeping.

This dreamy stillness lasted for about an hour, and then she seemed to rouse herself from the pleasant lethargy, and after bathing her face in cold water, she sat down to write. The document was brief, and rapidly written; and, on its conclusion, the bell was rung sharply, and the key of the chamber unturned in the lock.

"Order the carriage instantly," she said to the maid who answered the summons; "and then come and dress me to go out."

Mrs. Vere's servants were accustomed to promptly obey her orders, and there was something in her tone that made Dorothy move with even unwonted alacrity while executing her commission.

The lady had entered her carriage in less than half-an-hour from the moment of issuing her commands, and the first direction given the coachman was one that astonished even the machine-like footman's mind.

"Drive to the *Times* office," was the order.

What could the wealthy widow, the mistress of that splendid establishment, have to do with the great medium for making known wants and grievances?

It was a puzzling question, but a glance at the second column of the "leading journal" on the following day might have given a solution to it.

There was a mysteriously-worded advertisement, in that romance-suggesting column that could have been verified by the printer as a correct copy of an elegantly-written original, the scented and glazed paper of which was a strange contrast to the motley collection of scraps and slips which usually filled his files.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THREE days had elapsed, and Barbara Graham had finished her first literary production.

It was the fruit of many an hour stolen from sleep, for while the bodily frame was stretched on the couch, the brain was busily suggesting and connecting the materials of that passionate and vigorously-penned story.

And for the last two evenings her pen had been busy in copying, and her mind in polishing and refining the effusion of her heart, till at length the last word was penned, and "Finis" written at the bottom of the page.

Barbara gazed at the thick manuscript with a sort of half-satisfied, half-doubtful look, as she rolled it up, and placed it in security for the night.

Her engagement with Mrs. Vere for the next day was fixed for a later hour than usual, and she determined to set off early in order to call at the publishing office of a periodical which she had often seen during her residence with Mrs. Forbes.

She was closely veiled, even more so than usual, for to her shy, proud nature, the boldness of the attempt she was about to make was very formidable.

Barbara hurried along the streets, now become a familiar resort for her, till she came to her destination.

It was still a trial, though no longer a novelty, for the orphan to walk alone in the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis; but on this occasion her mind was too much engrossed with the object she had in view to feel her ordinary degree of timidity as she passed rapidly through the throng.

Her eyes were bent on the houses of the street where the office was situated, and she was therefore unconscious of the keen gaze of an individual who turned from the inspection of a large shop of engravings just as she discovered the number, and turned into the doorway of the office she sought in a street leading from Fleet Street.

The gentleman stood for some minutes with a doubting, perplexed air, and then, finding that the object of his curiosity did not return, he walked rapidly away towards the Temple.

He might perhaps have even risked breaking his appointment with his lawyer, had he really thought that the veiled girl was the missing orphan in whom he had taken so singular an interest.

But she appeared taller, and her carriage more womanly and matured than the young girl in whom he had detected such a strong resemblance; and as the hour of his rendezvouse was sounding from St. Bride's, Sidney Ashley gave up the doubtful task of waiting her return.

Barbara was ushered into a small back room, with no furniture save a table and two or three chairs, only lighted by a painted window, which shut out every object that might have diverted her anxious mind during the long interval that ensued before the gentleman for whom she had asked vouchsafed to appear.

There she sat, trying to quiet the throbbings of her heart by telling herself in a sort of scorn that the result of her interview could scarcely be so momentous as to warrant such agitation on her part.

But, to a nature like Barbara's, every pursuit, every effort into which her heart and soul were thrown, moved her very being; and without that enthusiasm, that absorption, every attempt at success would have been a weary and futile failure.

At last the door opened, and a tall, spare man, with thin features entered, bowed, took a chair, and eyed her with a "what-do-you-want" sort of look.

His grizzled hair was cut short, and stood up like bristles, and his keen, blue eyes were cold and glittering, with more intellect than heart in the whole expression of the face.

Barbara's courage rose with the occasion; she was always most brave when she encountered pride or supercilliousness in any shape.

She threw back her veil, and said, with a calm and even self-assured voice, "I believe sir, you are the editor of the magazine which is published here?"

He bowed again, leaned back in his chair and crossed his hands at the back of his head.

The silence was somewhat discouraging, but Barbara was not to be crushed now that she was fairly embarked in the attempt, and she resumed the conversation after a moment's pause.

"I am come to offer you a tale for your magazine, sir."

She drew out the roll of paper from under her cloak, and rising, held it to the editor, with timid yet proud grace in her attitude, which attracted the experienced man of the world's attention. He gave a more scrutinising look at the young face, and the unmistakable intellect in her splendid eyes and noble brow, brought a shade more of interest into his features. He took up the manuscript and turned over the leaves idly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scientific and Useful.

SEAL-SKINS.—A Vermonter has invented a new method of utilizing electricity in preparing seal-skins. The skin is "fed" over a knife-edge bar, above which is stretched a fine platinum wire, which, raised to a white heat by an electric current, meets the longer hairs which rise above the under fur, and mows them down.

SPEED OF ENGINES.—A new speed indicator, called the Strathmograph, for indicating the speed of locomotives, has been introduced on the Hanoverian railroads. By it the engineer can read from a scale the actual speed of his engine at any time, besides which a complete record of the trip is kept on a slip of paper.

LIME.—Lime preserves ironwork. It is usual to lime-white iron mains, tanks, and other articles to prevent rust; and bricklayers are in the habit of smearing their trowels with mortar. In the demolition of old buildings the ends of joists, ceiling-laths, quarters, plates, and bond-timber which have been bedded in lime-mortar are usually found in a sound condition, in spite of their having been bedded all round.

TO STICK LABELS.—A good method of causing labels to adhere to tin is a dilute solution of white gelatine, or, better still, of isinglass. Its strength should not be more than one in twenty, and may be applied by means of a pencil or sponge. It has this advantage, that labels applied to the surface so covered do not adhere permanently at once, but may be slid about long enough to permit their proper adjustment and straightening.

VESSELS OF COPPER.—The old and familiar way of manufacturing vessels of copper and zinc by hammer, rivets, and soldering iron is fast giving place to a new method—that of spinning. A circular piece of sheet copper of ordinary thickness is placed on the lathe, and in a twinkling is spun into the shape of a kettle, without a break or the weakening of a single fibre of the material. There are no jointures, the kettle being formed entirely from the original circular copper sheet. The kettle breast, sides, and a strengthening portion for the spout are formed of one piece of sheet copper metal and double seamed to the pit so that the seams are under the side of the kettle and form a strengthening rib upon which it rests when in the stove.

GOLD AND SILVER-PLATED FLOWERS.—At a recent meeting of the Physical Society, Berlin, Prof. Christiani exhibited, as samples of a new method of preservation, a series of galvanic bodies coated galvanoplastically. A mulberry leaf, a crab, a butterfly, a beetle, the brain of a rabbit, a rosebud, and other objects, were plated with silver, gold or copper, and showed all details of their outer form, down to the finest shadings. As to the process, it was stated that the objects to be preserved, being put into a solution of silver nitrate in alcohol, then dried and treated with sulphuretted and phosphuretted hydrogen, form good conductors, which, brought in the usual way into the galvanoplastic bath, can be coated with any desired thickness of metallic deposit.

Farm and Garden.

SPRING SEEDING.—If from any cause the spring seeding of grass fails, it is a good plan to re-plow or thoroughly harrow and re-seed to grass.

SHELTER FOR STOCK.—A vast amount of money is lost on farms every winter through inefficiency of shelter for stock. Warm stables save corn, and therefore save money. Weather boards take the place of feed. Now let the wise farmer look to it, that when cold winds blow they blow not upon their horses, cows or pigs.

HONEY.—In bad seasons honey is apt to be poisonous. This arises from the fact that in such seasons the bees are often compelled to gather it from poisonous flowers. Great care should be taken to remove all poisonous plants from the neighborhood of hives. In 1790 a great many people in this city died from eating honey gathered from certain flowers. In good seasons the bees avoid poisonous plants.

TOMATO-SEED.—To save tomato-seed, select the largest and smoothest fruit, cut them in two, and squeeze out the seed into a jar or bucket, leaving them to ferment. Then wash in several waters until quite clean, and pour on a board to dry. When put away for safe-keeping, wrap up a little gum camphor in paper and put in the package. If you forget the camphor, you may have no seed in the spring.

MELONS.—An Indiana man tried four different fertilizers for melons—poultry droppings, well-rotted cow manure, barnyard manure, and old bones gathered upon the farm and reduced by placing them in alternate layers with ashes the previous year, mixing them liberally in the different hills, which were eight feet apart each way, and he says: "Such a crop of melons as came from the hills that had the bone-dust I never saw before."

COLIC.—Colic in horses is often brought on by feeding hay passed through corn-stalk-cutters, mixed with meal, middlings, or bran, then wet up. The horse eats the food thus prepared so rapidly that it is not properly masticated, and consequently becomes so clodded in the stomach as to cause indigestion, followed by colic, more especially if directly after eating he is allowed to drink heartily of water, and the colder this is so much more liable is it to bring on colic.

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SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT 18, 1892.

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SOCIAL SYMPATHY.

Hannah More, we believe, considered chance contact as being productive of more marriages than all other circumstances taken together; and, if careful analysis were made, we suspect that it would be found that upon it hinge almost all the bands of civil society; and if the rich will turn away their nose, and look upon the poor only as machines which are to receive support merely that they may do their work, just as a steam-engine is supplied with coal, or a mill with water, they cannot expect that the poor are to treat them with respect and ceremony, far less regard.

The poor have feelings as well as the rich; and these feelings, as they are less disguised by education and habits of policy, always express themselves more openly, and we may add, in a manner which is more true to nature.

The veneration and affection which all rude nations have for their rulers, and chiefs, and great men, even when they are neither very wise nor very well-behaved, shows plainly that the principle of showing deference to place and wealth is inherent in human nature; and if at any time the affections and veneration of the poor be estranged from the rich, it may be laid down as an axiomatic truth that the rich are in fault.

Should there be at present on the part of the poor in any country any animosity towards the rich, farther than that which is forged out of the misrepresented voice of real distress, and the clamors and calumnies of alarmists, the fault must be in the rich themselves, and cannot be averted but by them. Whenever we find a proprietor of a manufactory, or other work, liberal and kind towards those whom he employs, we are sure to find high fidelity and attachment in them. We could mention many triumphant proofs which have come within our own observation; but the introduction of real names might seem invidious, and fictitious ones would not answer the purpose.

We believe that the instances which could be related from the manufacturing world are not so perfect as those which could be drawn from the agricultural. But this is easily accounted for: the manufacturing laborer is less localized, at the same time he is more in the way of temptation; but notwithstanding all this, the position which we have laid down could be proved even here.

The feelings and sympathies, the loves and attachments of human beings, were implanted in them as the bands of mutual good offices, and they cannot be purchased with money. You may buy any man's labors, and even his words, but no price will purchase the human heart. It calls for reciprocal esteem, and if that be withheld, however much interest and hypocrisy may conspire to hide its feelings, it turns away in disgust from the offered price; and, even though it be so much lost and corrupted as to take the bribe, and do that for which it is given, it uniformly, though sometimes secretly, loathes and despises the briber.

Upon this principle, we find that the hirelings upon whom any person or government lavishes merely pecuniary rewards, are always the first to desert and betray even the bribers, when they are reduced to that state in which they can bribe and reward no more. The disciple who betrayed his Master was not he who leaned on his bosom, but he who bore the purse.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE statement that grain absorbs enough moisture on a sea voyage to pay the freight charges, has been to some extent confirmed by experiments made at the California Agricultural College. Various kinds of grain were placed in a moist atmosphere, and the increase in weight was noticed. The greatest increase was during the first 24 hours.

—

ON the sea English women are wisely copying their American cousins, and cover the whole hat with a gauze veil well tied over it, so that when they land, their headgear presents a very respectable appearance. For railways and steamboats useful loose ulsters of India silk are extensively used; they slip on and off easily, are inexpensive and very light.

—

THE soldiers of the German army are daily exercised in all varieties of athletics useful for real war. For example, whole regiments receive swimming lessons in the Rhine or Moselle every day. They perform aquatic movements and evolutions to the sound of a bugle. The march to and from the river with dry and wet towels under their arms is an every day sight. If required, the German army could swim across the Rhine without losing one life.

—

THERE are 497 fountains and 502 troughs in London, which, it is estimated, supply water for 250,000,000 drinkers each year. The society which provides these humane contrivances reports that nearly twice as many new drinking places were prepared the past year as in any previous twelve months. The daily consumption of water in London is only about 100,000,000 gallons, but London people have other beverages to fall back upon in time of drought.

—

IT is said that there is a peculiar law on the statute books of the State of New Jersey, which provides that any officer or sheriff of the State who, having a prisoner under his charge held for a capital crime, shall allow the prisoner to escape or connive at his escape, he shall be punished with death. Any person or persons aiding a prisoner charged with a capital offense to get away, shall also be punished with death. Neither of these laws has ever been carried out or repealed.

—

THE Supreme Court has granted a new trial in the case of a man convicted of murder in the second degree, on the ground that the jury drank so much beer, etc., during the trial as to unfit them for proper and serious deliberation of the evidence. The trial lasted eight days, and it was shown that during that time four five-gallon kegs of beer, five gallons of wine, ten bottles of claret, and considerable whisky, were purchased by the jury at their own expense, and consumed by them without the knowledge of the court.

—

THE London *Court Journal* describes a recent dinner: "The table was most prettily decorated, a long strip of eau de Nil watered silk was laid down the middle, upon which were placed ferns, begonias and all kinds of rare leaves, with the eucharis lily in groups; in the centre on a glass stand were some nautilus shells of coque de perle, in which were grouped the former flowers as well as some laid on the table. There was no fruit, but these flowers, ferns with the shells and glass stands, formed very fresh and pretty decorations.

—

To men of the bilious-melancholy temperament nothing is probably better than a journey of leisure, and in comparative solitude, through some country which is novel enough not to be dull, and not so novel as to require any particular exertion on the part of the traveler. At first they do not enjoy themselves at all; they fret and fume, and contemplate their ailments. But by degrees things mend, the nerves calm down, the digestion wakes up, the system generally straightens itself out, and the man is good for another spell of work.

—

BARTHOLDI, the French sculptor of the colossal statue of Liberty that is to be placed in New York harbor, the other day invited twenty of his literary and artistic friends to breakfast with him inside the thigh of the statue, to which the head belongs, and which as yet is only built up as far as the waist. The little banquet was most successful in every way; the guests walked in by the right foot of the statue, and one of them laid himself down most comfortably inside one of the toes; ladders conveyed them all the way up the calf, and finally deposited them where a temporary platform had been constructed and the festive board had been laid. They hope, when the statue has been entirely put together at some future day, to enjoy a lovely dinner inside the head.

—

THE perpetual Secretary to the French Academy of Sciences has received instructions from the Minister of the Interior to make out a list of all the savants who have died or been maimed while performing experiments or making researches in the interests of science. The intentions of the government are to grant a pension to the widows and children of these savants, or to those who have been injured. The list will be a long one. The French Government will, no doubt, take into consideration the cases of those medical men who have died while attending diphtheria and fever in the Paris hospitals, and those medical men who have perished in attempts to solve some of the results of drug actions on themselves, or who have in any way risked their lives for the good of humanity, will not be forgotten. France, to her credit, honors her medical men. Her Senate, her House of Deputies, are open to them; her decorations are bestowed with no niggard hand upon them.

—

A GLOOMY statistician comes to the conclusion that if the world's population continues at its present rate of increase it will, in two hundred and fourteen years, reach the average of seven hundred inhabitants to a square mile. The calculation may be inaccurate, and anyhow no one need grieve over the future sorrows of the race. While mankind is rapidly increasing in numbers, many steps are being taken to provide for their wants. Immense tracts of land, once unknown or despised as unfit for tillage, are now in process of cultivation, and improved methods of farming are constantly being brought forward. This melancholy prediction suggests the idea that a Malthusian revival may be anticipated; but sensible people will not put much faith in such doctrines. Malthus, it will be remembered, taught that war, pestilence and famine were Divinely ordained institutions to reduce the surplus population; but his anti-Christian and irrational theoris have been buried, and it is too late to try to resurrect them.

—

IN one of the small towns of Mexico, says a correspondent, I bought some limes and gave the girl $1 in payment. By way of change she returned me forty-nine pieces of soap the size of a water-cracker. I looked at her in astonishment, and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer who witnessed the incident hastened to inform me that soap was the legal tender in many portions of the country for small sums. I examined my change and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacturer authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth 1½ cents each. Afterward in my travels I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that, I discovered, was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of mine quite often in my bath, and subsequently spent them.

—

WE are glad to see, says a prominent London paper, that a society has been formed for the "suppression of juvenile smoking." It is still a doubtful question whether "adult smoking" is advantageous, or the reverse. Probably most smokers would say that while in smoking, as in everything else, excess is injurious, moderate indulgence does them no particular harm. At any rate, if its results are sometimes bad, they are too remote and too slight to induce healthy smokers to abandon what they regard as one of the greatest luxuries of modern times. It can hardly be pretended, however, that boys are in the same position. No sensible man who remembers the impulses of his own youth will judge very severely any boy whom he may detect in the nominally high misdemeanor of indulging in a cigar. It is the nature of boys, unconscious of their own happiness, to ape the ways of manhood, and it is still more their nature to grasp at forbidden joys. At the same time it is highly probable that tobacco has a bad effect on the immature physical system. What is really needed is the co-operation of parents and school-teachers; and this may be effectually obtained by the publication of facts as to the prevalence of the habit and its inevitable consequences.

—

NEARLY every farmer goes to the nearest village to trade, visit a mechanic, or obtain his letters and papers at least once a week. He often takes a load to market, but he rarely brings one home. He can, with very little trouble, haul a load of material that may be obtained for nothing, and which will be of great benefit to his land. Most village people make no use of the ashes produced in their stoves, or of the bones taken from the meat they consume. Scarcely any brewer has any use for the hops that have been boiled in his vats and the blacksmith hardly ever saves the clippings he takes from the feet of horses. All these materials make excellent manure. A barrel of shavings cut from the hoofs of horses contains more ammonia than is contained in a load of stable manure. Applied to land without preparation they might give no immediate results, but they would become decomposed in time, and the crops of all kinds would derive benefit from them. They may be so treated that they would produce immediate results. By covering them with fresh horse manure they will decompose very rapidly. They may also be leached in a barrel, and the water that covered them drawn off and applied to plants. Water in which pieces of horns and hoofs have been soaked is an excellent manure for plants that require forcing. It stimulates the growth of tomatoes, rose-bushes and house-plants very rapidly, and emits no offensive odors. A vast amount of fertilizing material is wasted in towns that farmers would obtain the benefit of with little trouble.

MY MOTHER.

BY RITA.

As the darkness of night draweth nearer,
And life's shadows more heavily fall,
I see this truth clearer and clearer,
She "deserved to be dearest of all!"
How low seem my daily desirings—
This scramble for place or for gold—
Compared with the noble aspirings
She taught me to worship of old!

And though by repeated transgression
Her precepts seem taught me in vain;
Still my stubborn soul makes this confession,
Thank God for the trace of the chain—
For that tie that can never be broken—
For the mem'ry assuaging my loss—
For the spiritual comfort unspoken,
That the grave's shadow reaches across.

The Belle's Stratagem.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

SHE was lovely, and saucy and independent—and they called her the name of all names that completely fitted her, from her hair of amber-gold and beautiful brown eyes, to her slender, high-arched foot and daintily turned ankles.

She had been christened by the name the girl babies of the Delafields had been given for half-a-dozen generations—regal "Beatrice," that about as much suited her as a pair of spectacles on a gorgeous butterfly—until little by little, as she grew into a merry, saucy—sweet saucy girl—the diminutive of "Trixie" attached to her, and when this day came of which we especially write, everybody had forgotten her name had ever been anything but Trixie Delafield.

Tom Drayton was head and ears in love with her, and Trixie—well, there was something about her that prevented people—even Drayton, from knowing just what she did feel.

There was quite a little romance about it all that a very few strokes of the pen will tell.

First, Mrs. Drayton, Tom's paternal grandmother, a rich, stately old lady, with whom Tom was chief idol and best-beloved of her grandsons, and with whom he had lived all her life, had made up her mind, after the fashion of the Medes and the Persians, that Tom should marry her favorite among her grand-daughters, Tom's pretty little blue-eyed cousin, Maud Fleming.

But Maud preferred somebody else's cousin, handsome Fred Douglas, and so the cross-tied knot bid fair never to be severed, and four young people were in a still fairer way of making a mess of their life—all because of one haughty, resolute old lady who had forgotten she ran away with Rupert Drayton fifty years before, because she loved him.

Only Tom had really been unpardonably cowardly to keep from telling Trixie right out and out that their lonely friendship could not amount to anything; and, as a matter of course, when our independent little girl was told that grandma Drayton insisted upon a formal betrothal between Tom and Maud, and told, too, in a half savage way that Tom forced himself to assume for his own safety's sake, our Trixie flashed out like powder—

"Of course you'll marry Maud Fleming—did you think I didn't know that?

"And she's just as sweet as ever she can be, too!

"Do bring her down to-night, Tom, and let me congratulate her, and tell Mrs. Drayton I think she is so nice."

And Tom frowned angrily.

"Oh, then you are not at all dis—surprised!

"I thought, maybe——"

She flashed the brightest of shining brown eyes full in his passionate face, on every feature of which was so visible vexed restraint.

"Surprised!

"Why—I'm delighted!

"It's just the very 'daisy,' as Phil says.

"Of course I am not in the least surprised.

"Excuse me one moment, please."

And when she suddenly walked off, ostensibly to see after the grocer's boy who came in the side gate, and who never had occasioned Trixie any such solicitous care before—how was Tom Drayton or anybody else to know that there was such a horrid choking feeling in her throat, such an agonizing despair thrilling through her, such wild beating of her poor little heart?

Or—how was he to know how firmly she bit her lips, and vowed to herself to show no sign of wonder or dismay?

In a couple of minutes she came back—aflush and smiling.

"What a nuisance grocer boys are. He actually brought canned pineapple instead of ——"

"Don't talk to me about canned pineapple," he snapped.

"Tell me once again—you entirely approve of my marrying Maud?"

Such a pale, eager, yet cold face it was.

Trixie laughed.

"You have my approval and blessing.

"And if you don't go, the pudding for lunch will burn, for I promised Bridget I'd 'look afther it, sure.'"

"Look after it, then," he retorted, tartly, and took up his hat hastily and went away toward the pretty white cottage on the side of the hill where the Flemings lived.

And Trixie!

Proud, brave, honorable to her very soul's centre, dashed upstairs to her own room and threw herself across her bed and cried until there were no more tears to come.

While the orange pudding burned to a black crisp, and Fred Douglas, sitting on the piazza, amazed at young Phil Delafield's wrathful efforts to bring 15 14–18 into proper position, wondered where Trixie was, for he had come over especially to be pitied.

"Go call her," he said, by-and-by, to Phil, and a few minutes after Phil had bawled—

"Say, Trixie, come down here.

"Fred Douglas has been a-waitin' ever since Tom went away; say, 'ryou a-comin'?"

Trixie came—no signs of tears on her freshly-bathed face, no sign of chagrin or defeat visible in her unrumpled ruffles, or the braids of her amber golden hair.

But only a curious little light in her eyes.

"Well?" she said, cheerily, as Fred tossed his cigar out in the shrubbery.

"I think not," he answered, so gravely that it touched her.

"But it can't be helped," she went on.

"It's a shame, a downright shame that you can't have Maud.

"Fred!" and a sudden defiant look sprang up in her eyes, "why do you submit so tamely?

"They can't make her—force her, you know to marry anybody."

He looked doleful enough.

"Perhaps they couldn't force you, Trixie, but Maud, you know, she such a dependent, gentle, obedient little soul. She'll do precisely as she's told."

Trixie pulled a spray of honeysuckle off, thoughtfully.

"Fred, consider yourself in the witness-box, under oath.

"Do you think grandma Drayton is doing right to separate you and Maud?"

"Right?

"Well I should say not—rather. Nor you and Tom."

"Fred, hush!

"Would you like to marry Maud, yourself?"

"Would a fellow like to go to Heaven when he dies?

"Trixie, can you doubt it?"

And there was no question of his rapturous assertion in his handsome eyes.

"Very well, then.

"Now, Fred, I daresay you know—a little—about Tom and me, and the solution of this riddle will depend upon you and me.

"Fred, you and I must fall in love with each other, not really and truly, you rogue," she added, flushing like a wild rose.

"But it's just here.

"Tom Drayton and Maud Fleming submit too tamely to their fate, wretched though they feel they will be.

"I'm ashamed to say it, but they want a little more stirring up.

"They want to be made jealous and get their eyes open in time.

"Will you do as I say, Fred?

"If you will, I will take all the responsibility.

"Only remember, you are not to make love to me only when Maud or Tom is around."

And two or three hours afterwards, when Mr. Drayton drove Miss Fleming over in her pony carriage, as Trixie had suggested, they found Fred Douglas just passing through the gate, looking very happy, indeed.

And he turned to throw a kiss to Trixie standing on the piazza, who answered with a bewitching little smile.

And then he raised his hat to Miss Fleming very cordially, but not as usual somehow.

"You don't know how perfectly delighted we all are," Trixie said, as they all sat in rustic rockers on the piazza.

"It seems really as if Fate was doing her very best for all of us, for so long as you have confided your charming secret to me I have Fred's permission to tell you we have followed suit.

"See?"

And she held up a little slender hand on whose finger a solitaire gleamed in the sunshine.

"Indeed," Drayton said, in a desperate attempt to appear nonchalant.

"You have certainly surprised us."

"Fred is a dear fellow," Maud said, as she stooped to pick a rosebud off her dress and lifted a face paler than usual.

They didn't stay long after that, although Trixie was in her most bewitching, most sparkling mood.

For a month the play was kept up, the farce on one side, that was a daily-deepening heart tragedy on the other.

Day after day Tom and Trixie would see each other, under some circumstances, from which Drayton would go away more furious than ever, while Fred and Maud grew almost like strangers to each other.

And the two conspirators looked the happiest people in the world, and all the countryside gossiped over their devotion.

"I cannot stand this sort of thing much longer," Fred said, one bright autumn day to Trixie, when Maud Fleming had just passed them in her carriage, her sweet face pale and troubled, her blue eyes heavy and wearing the look of a stag being hunted to death.

"It is killing her," Fred added, almost fiercely.

"Don't be sentimental," she said, almost sharply.

"Just reserve your force for one final effort, and the battle is yours.

"If you will obey me just this once more," she said.

"I will always obey you," he said, penitently.

"You have been such a good little friend, Trixie."

She laughed, and Drayton, stepping upon the piazza that moment, heard the sweet, joyous mirth, and saw the sudden look Fred gave her, and away down in his heart wished that he might choke him.

Instead, he bowed coldly.

"I certainly beg a thousand pardons for intruding upon such a charming *tete-a-tete*, but I have been commissioned to invite you to Moonlight Falls at six this evening—a carriage drive in couples."

Trixie looked up in Fred's face with a look that made Drayton's heart thrill suffocatingly.

"Oh, Fred, do let's go.

"That's a splendid drive, and Puck is in splendid form to-day.

"I shall enjoy it so much, and what a charming idea to go *tete-a-tete*."

She looked innocently at Drayton.

"Very charming indeed.

"We may depend on you?"

"Beyond doubt—oh, Trixie, dear?

"Of course you and Miss Fleming go?" he asked.

"That is the arrangement I believe—going at least."

Trixie loaned her bright head confidingly against Fred's arm.

"Well, I would prefer not to change coming back, unless Fred would.

"By no means," he said, so promptly, so resolutely that Drayton went off raging, for he had dared think she would attempt an exchange all round coming back.

"But of course you will not lose your glorious opportunity," Trixie said, autocratically to her slave, when Drayton was well out of hearing.

"You must watch your chance, and when you see Maud alone, somewhere or other—well, Puck is the fastest pony of the lot, and if I was in love with a lady, I'd drive around by the village, and stop at Doctor Tempest's, and when the rest of the party reaches home, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Douglas will be there to welcome them."

Her brown eyes were shining like stars, and Fred Douglas looked at her almost in awe.

"Trixie!

"Will I dare?

"Will Maud——"

Trixie gave an impatient little exclamation.

"Now don't be a coward and spoil everything.

"There's Puck and there's Maud; there's Tempest and there's you.

"Go ahead."

And when, as he and Trixie passed Maud sitting at Drayton's side, the moonlight making her piteous eyes even more piteous, his mind was made up, and his heart beat most undisciplinedly for an hour or more, until——

Maud was standing all alone, quite some distance off from the others, and Drayton and pretty Emmie Shenton were having a furious flirtation.

And Fred went up to her, so silently and suddenly, that the sound of his low passionate voice startled her into pale alarm.

"My Maud, my love—I shall not permit this any longer.

"Drayton can't have you—I want you—I must have you, little darling, for always!

"Come, Maud, quickly!

"Get in this carriage, and before an hour you will be my precious wife, whom no one can take from me.

"Maud, pet, do you love me? Then come!"

Are you a woman, reader?

And did the man you love ever speak so to you?

Then you know how with a delicious ecstasy of yielding, she obeyed him; she permitted it to be as her lord and master wished.

Nor did Trixie allow Drayton to accompany her home when it was discovered that Fred and Maud were gone, and lively Miss Shenton enjoyed that privilege to his unspeakable disgust, while the ripples of Trixie's laughter, as she sat easily beside young Dr. Norman, fired him with delirious rage.

And it was weeks before Trixie would allow him to make his peace with her, weeks after Fred and Maud had been forgiven, because Mrs. Drayton couldn't help herself.

Then very slowly they resumed their old intimacy; and not until one day, long after Tom had made sure of her, did Trixie tell of her little conquest by feminine strategy.

The New Governess.

BY LOLA GARRISON.

"WE shall have a glorious week for Thanksgiving," said Tom Silverton.

He was the very model of a young farmer, as he stood up there on the breezy hill, leaning against the wide open barn door, while the mild-eyed oxen, still as bronze statues, were outlined against the amber glow of the summer sunset, and a delicious fragrance floated forth from piled-up hay mows within.

Dark-eyed, with hair of the blue-black that lines the raven's wing, erect, straight as a young pine, there was a healthy glow on Tom's cheek, and a smile on his lip as he looked down on the plump little mother who was moulded so differently from himself.

"A glorious week," he repeated.

"Just look at that sky, mother; it's like your bed of daffodils in full blossom.

"And not a snowstorm yet.

"You'll want one of the biggest white turkeys, I suppose?"

"That's what I came up to see you about," said Mrs. Silverton, a little querulously.

"What with the crops and the new School Board I haven't had a minute to speak to you, Tom, of late."

He smiled.

"Well, I must confess that I have been pretty busy," he said.

"But the worst of it is over now, mother.

"The crops are in, and we have decided on a teacher for the academy, a young lady from New York.

"They say she is unusually accomplished, and only accepts this country post because she likes the idea of rural life.

"I hope we shall not find her beyond our mark."

"She'll be full of airs and graces, I don't doubt," said Mrs. Silverton.

"City ladies always are.

"But I'm glad this matter is settled at last.

"Well, you'll send down a turkey, Tom, and I've engaged my cranberries from Farmer Mayall's swamp.

"And I'm going to make an old-fashioned chicken pie, and a batch of apple tarts, and some of the brown bread your grandfather used to like."

And so the old lady trotted down the hill, her cap-strings blowing in the bland breeze, and the dead leaves careering along the path in front of her like little brown elves.

But when she reached the great kitchen, where the red glow of the fire-light was already beginning to show grotesquely on the ceiling, and a pleasant smell of steaming apples arose, flavored with cinnamon and nutmeg, Mary Eliza the help stood there, with her bonnet and shawl on.

"I'm going, Mrs. Silverton," said she.

"Going?" gasped Mrs. Silverton.

"Where?"

"I've had a letter from home," said Mary Eliza.

"And mother she's bad with rheumatics and Jane's home with the three children, and they can't get along without me anyhow.

"So I calculated I'd take the six o'clock stage.

"I was paid yesterday, so there ain't much owing to me, so I'll bid you good-bye."

"But, Mary Eliza," stammered poor Mrs. Silverton aghast, "there's Thanksgiving Day, and——"

"I suppose our folks reckon on having a turkey," said Mary Eliza, "and they will need me to cook it for them, for Jane she never was no hand to work."

So Mary Eliza disappeared, and Mrs. Silverton sat down to wring her hands and wonder what she should do in this very unexpected emergency.

But before she had done more than realize the full horrors of her situation, the saucepan of apples boiled over, and with all a housekeeper's instinct she rushed to the rescue.

As she turned away, after setting it safely on the back of the stove, she perceived a young woman in the room—a young woman, dressed in some soft grey stuff, a gray shawl, and a simple little bonnet like a nun's.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Silverton.

"What did you want?"

"I have called," said the young woman, "to see about a place."

"I do believe Providence has sent you," said Mrs. Silverton piously.

"What reference have you?

"My girl has just gone away, and here I am all in a peck of half bushels, as one might say, with company coming to Thanksgiving, and not a soul to help me.

"Can you cook a turkey?

"Did you ever make a punkin pie?

"Are you good at coffee?

"For Tom, that's my son, he thinks a deal of his morning cup of coffee.

"Do you think you can starch collars and cuffs?

"For I ain't so young as I was, and I find I have to give up some of these cares."

Miss Prescott had listened at first with a look of bewilderment, and then with a dawning smile to the avalanche of questions.

"I will try," she said.

"Well, I am pleased," said Mrs. Silverton.

"I suppose you heard somewhere that I wanted a girl.

"Things do happen so providentially sometimes.

"Take off your hat and things, my dear, and I'll lend you one of the gingham kitchen aprons I bought at the fair.

"Dear me, what a slim slip of a thing you are; I'm almost doubtful about you being equal to our wash."

"I will try," said Lena Prescott.

She rolled up her lace-edged sleeves, tied on the kitchen apron, which well-nigh swallowed her up in its capacious folds and went briskly to work to get the tea.

When Tom came in he could hardly credit his own senses.

Mary Eliza gone, his mother serene as a summer's morning, and a little girl in grey hard at work cooking griddle-cakes!

"Her name is Lena," said Mrs. Silverton.

"And she tells me she has some excellent written references.

"But I can tell better about her when I've seen the way in which she cooks Thanksgiving dinner."

But when Thanksgiving morning came, grey and full of floating mist, with the an-

tumn leaves rustling sadly under foot, and the little brook sobbing through the dismantled woods, Mrs. Silverton could scarcely bring herself to desert her post.

"I've asked your uncle John and aunt Sarah to dinner, Tom," said she, "and old Deacon Spriggins and his wife; and I don't know as I ever could look them in the face again if my Thanksgiving dinner wasn't what it ought to be."

"Don't fret mother," said Tom cheerily. "Lena will see that everything is right."

"Of course I will," said Lena, nodding her head.

And when the party returned from church, the table, to use aunt Sarah's words, "looked like a picter," bright with crimson autumn leaves, decorated with spotless linen, and sparkling with polished silver, and glass that was as clear as if it had been manufactured out of bubbles.

And there was the great chicken-pie, wreathed around with a garland of pie-crust leaves, the sirloin of roast beef, the turkey itself, brown and glistening, and all in a perspiration of unctuous gravy, the glass bowls of cranberry sauce, and the quivering moulds of currant jelly, the flaked potatoes, and the reserve of pumpkin pies, quince tarts, sweet-potato puddings, and baked apples.

"How do you like the dinner?" said Lena, with a demure little upward glance from beneath her eyelashes.

"It's beautiful!" said Mrs. Spriggins enthusiastically.

"It's like yourself, perfect," said Tom, looking her so straight in the eyes that she could not but blush like any rose.

"I wish we could keep you here always, Lena, my dear," said Mrs. Silverton, with a sigh of content.

"So do I," said Tom; and then Lena blushed pinker than ever.

After dinner, when they were sitting around the fire, Mr. John Spriggins came in, the Chairman of the School Board, and was persuaded without difficulty to sit down and partake of sweet cider, roasted chestnuts, and cream puffs.

"By the way, Silverton," said he, "I suppose you haven't heard anything more of the young lady from New York who was to be governess of our academy?"

"No, have you?" said Tom, who was busy peeling the fragrant chestnuts for Lena.

"Not a word.

"And I think it rather strange," retorted Spriggins.

"Perhaps so highly educated a young lady may think our small academy beneath her endeavors."

"Perhaps we may have tidings in a day or two," said Tom.

"By the way, you never mentioned her name?"

"Didn't I?" said Mr. Spriggins.

"That is strange.

"It's Lena Prescott."

"What?" cried Mrs. Silverton, starting up.

"Lena Prescott," repeated Mr. Spriggins, speaking with extraordinary plainess, and distinctly enunciating each syllable.

"Why," cried Mrs. Silverton, "that's our Lena!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Spriggins.

And Lena Prescott rose up and made the trustee a pretty little curtsey.

"Please, your honor," said she, "I plead guilty."

And then ensued a general perplexity and consequent explanations.

"You know," said Lena, mischievously to Mrs. Silverton, "I told you I came after a place."

"But I supposed you meant for general housework," said the bewildered matron.

"Mary Eliza had just gone, and my mind was full of such things."

"I had been directed to the residence of Mrs. Silverton," said Lena laughing.

"And when I spoke of a 'place,' I meant an educational position.

"But I saw that you needed a girl, so it came into my head that I would try the position.

"Have I succeeded in giving satisfaction?"

"It ain't possible," said Mrs. Spriggins, "that this girl is a fine city lady!"

"I was born and reared within the brick walls of New York," said Lena, with pardonable pride.

"Why, I declare," said aunt Sarah, "she's cooked the turkey as well as any country girl could have done."

And Miss Prescott was not allowed to accept the position as governess of the academy until she had solemnly promised Mrs. Silverton to make her home, for that winter at least, at Haven Farm.

"Because," said she, "you suit me better than any one I've ever had in the house."

"And me too," said Tom, in a very low voice.

Lena Prescott taught all the winter, but in spring she resigned her position.

"Going to leave us?" cried Mr. Spriggins.

"My dear Miss Prescott, you have given us every satisfaction, and——"

"But I have accepted another place," said Lena, coloring and laughing.

"I have promised to go and be the mistress of Haven Farm."

"Oh," said Mr. Spriggins.

"In that case I haven't another word to say.

"Only I hope you will invite me to your next Thanksgiving dinner."

And Lena Prescott promised that she would.

An exchange says—"When does a lock get ripe enough to pick?" As soon as the spring opens, of course.

A Love for a Life.

BY LOLA GARRISON.

ANOTHER man is throwing up his arms out yonder.

"Will not some one go and save him?"

"Be quiet, young woman, for Heaven's sake!" said a stern and commanding voice.

"We have saved all we can, and must now steam to shore as quickly as possible to save ourselves."

The girl however did not obey the injunction so peremptorily given, but rushing to the stern of the boat, and seizing the arm of a sailor who had just succeeded in raising a rescued and half-drowned man over the guards, she exclaimed—

"Look yonder, my good fellow!

"There is another man drowning.

"I saw him throw up his hands a moment ago; and there—there he is again now!"

"Yes, yes," answered the sailor, somewhat indifferently.

"I see a hand above the water, but he has gone down for the last time, I think.

"I can do no more for him or any one.

"Our boat is just starting, you see."

"But," said the young lady, still grasping his arm entreatingly, "I will give ——"

"How much?" interrupted the fellow, divining her meaning, and facing her with an eager questioning look in his eyes.

"All the money I have, if you will bring that poor man to shore, dead or alive," was the quick response.

"And how much have you?"

"One hundred and twenty dollars."

"All right!" exclaimed the sailor.

"I go for the chances," and the next moment he had thrown himself into the water.

"Hallos, there!" exclaimed the captain, fiercely, as he saw the fellow boldly striking out, "have you sent that man to rescue your friend, young woman?"

Her answer came in her looks, and with an oath, and the remark that "there was nothing he so much dreaded when in trouble as to have women on board."

Two steamboats had collided, and one had gone down almost immediately, with most of the passengers on board.

Only a few had been saved, for the other boat also was badly injured, and was with difficulty kept afloat.

At that desperate moment, when life and death seemed to hang on what might be said or done in an instant, a young lady had been rushing this way and that, as if in a wild and frantic endeavor to accomplish impossibilities.

This lady, Miss Edith Fielding, was a young school teacher, who had been giving herself, during her vacation, a little recreation in the way of a short voyage, from which she was returning when the accident happened.

From the first, she had been trying to render all the help in her power.

The captain and other officers had several times admonished her rather rudely to stand out of the way, as she could render no service, but it was impossible to make her heed those commands.

"Now, young woman," said the captain, as he steamed for the shore, "you will be willing to go below and keep quiet, I hope, for you see how much mischief you have done.

"We cannot stop for that sailor, although he was one of my best men, and it will be impossible for him to get back to the ship."

Edith said with half-frightened look, that she was sorry if she had done any mischief.

"Oh, yes, sorry," repeated the captain.

"That comes too late.

"But it is always the way with people who are trying to take a hand in what they know nothing about."

* * * * * *

"Where am I? and why am I here?" asked a man, looking up with a confused air, about three hours after the accident had occurred.

"You are all right, I hope," said the gentleman stand over him.

"This young sailor brought you to shore."

"Yes," said the fellow, evincing a disposition to boast of his bravery.

"I've saved you, sir, at the risk of my own life.

"I saw a bale of cotton floating in the water, that had fallen from the ship that went down, and I pulled you and myself on it, and kept you afloat until I brought you here; and I'll get a good reward I hope, for I deserve it."

"Don't be talking in that heartless way about your reward just yet," said the gentleman reprovingly.

"This gentleman will undoubtedly reward you liberally: but it is too soon to ask him to do so."

"There are some bills in my pocket, I think," said the rescued stranger; and after waiting a few moments, he drew out a well-filled purse, from which he took fifty dollars, and looking up at his improvised friend, said—

"Would this be enough for the young man, do you think, sir, or should I give him more?"

"It is quite enough," answered the gentleman.

"Not that it is the value of your life, but it is all he deserves, for his only object in saving you seems to have been the hope of a reward."

The sailor grasped the money with an eager but sullen and defiant look, and then asked—

"Is this all I am to get?"

"That will probably answer your purpose as well as three times as much," said the rescued man.

Then turning again to his friend, he asked—

"How soon will it be possible to send me home?"

"Immediately, if that is your wish and you feel able to go."

And the young stranger, having been provided with a suit of dry clothes, was soon on board of a small coasting vessel, which landed him on the opposite side of the bay, and within the next hour he was at his own home, thanking Heaven for his timely rescue.

As Miss Fielding was about leaving the boat which they had succeeded in bringing to shore in safety, she said to the steward, not caring to encounter the captain again—

"If the young sailor who imperilled his life to save that passenger should possibly return, I will reward him for his bravery.

"Here is my card," and the young lady returned to her home with the sad, discouraged feeling of one who, in attempting a kind act, has done more mischief than good.

"Poor fellow," she said.

"Lost perhaps.

"But I will endeavor to find his mother and other relatives, if he has any, and give them the promised reward."

But the sailor was soon there, and to the discredit of his craft, grasped the whole of the reward, without making any reference to the fifty dollars already received.

On returning to his comrades however he became very communicative, and soon told the story of his good fortune, taking care however not to mention that the reward had been stipulated for beforehand.

This story of course went back to the officers of the boat, and from them found its way to the passenger who had been rescued.

"You are the steward of the 'Aladdin,' I believe," said the young gentleman, coming on the boat two days after the accident.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And can give me, I hope, the name of the young lady who, by the offer of a handsome reward, prompted one of your sailors to risk his own life for my rescue," continued the stranger.

"I know nothing about any promise," said the steward.

"But on leaving the boat the young lady remarked to me that if the sailor whom we supposed had been lost should return she would gladly reward him for his bravery.

"Bravery," repeated Mr. Meredith.

"But it is all right; my life was saved, thank Heaven!

"And now I begin to suspect that this lady, who is an entire stranger to me, was the real agent in effecting my rescue. I must find her."

* * * * * *

"Well, Edith," remarked Mrs. Fielding to her daughter; "you have had the satisfaction of being instrumental in saving the life of a fellow-creature, and it has cost us dearly in pocket.

"Now don't you think it would be right, my dear, for you to try and find who the gentleman is for whose rescue you have parted with the money we so much need."

"No, no, dear mother; don't ask me to do so," said Edith.

"I have the satisfaction of saving the life of a human being, whoever he may be, and I am contented to accept that as my reward.

"I ask nothing more, mother, and I can work harder than ever to make up the loss."

"That is the bell for our floor," said Mrs. Fielding, the next moment, and she stepped quickly into the hall, while Edith laid down her sewing to listen.

"A gentleman by the name of Meredith is in the parlor, Edith, and desires to see you," said her mother, returning almost immediately.

"A stranger, mother?" asked the young lady.

"To me he is," answered Mrs. Fielding; "and to you also I think, for his manner of inquiring for you implied that he had never met you."

And wondering who it could be Edith went to receive her visitor.

"Miss Fielding?" said the visitor, rising and bowing in a manner that would not lead any one to suspect that he had been taken from the water nearly half dead only two days before.

"I have not had the pleasure of meeting you before," he added, as she looked inquiringly at him, "but have just learned that I am indebted to you for my rescue from a watery grave; and that a young sailor, who had endeavored to make me believe that he had voluntarily risked his life to save mine, was prompted to do so by the offer of a reward, which you have since paid him, and without the least idea, I suppose, for whose benefit it was given."

"Really, sir," said the young lady, blushing, "I was simply doing what it seemed to me any one else in the world would have done.

"Of course I did not know who was drowning.

"The captain had done, as he thought, all that he could, and the state of his own vessel would not permit him to remain any longer.

"And so it seems it was you who was rescued."

"Yes, my dear friend, for so I must call you," said the gentleman, advancing and taking her warmly by the hand, and looking at her earnestly for a few minutes.

"And I have come to thank you with my whole heart.

"I did not desire to leave the world just yet.

"I have too many friends and too many interests here."

Then releasing her hand he drew out his pocket-book and added—

"Permit me, Miss Fielding, to ask how much you gave that man for his services?"

"Really, sir, I am embarrassed at answering that question, and yet I feel that I have no right to decline doing so. In the moment of my excitement I said to him that I would give him all the money I had in my pocket-book and told him the amount—one hundred and twenty dollars. Here is his receipt, which I thought it best to take from him."

The sum Miss Fielding had paid was handed to her immediately, and when some further kind thanks had been added, Mr. Meredith said—

"Although this is our first meeting, Miss Fielding, you will, I hope, permit me to say that I am not willing to think of it as our last."

A blush quickly suffused the cheek of the young lady, although she endeavored to repress and restrain it.

The remark was naturally suggestive, and her own heart was still waiting for the right one to come.

And as she looked into that face, a little whisper, audible only to her inmost thoughts, told her that the love of a fine, noble, and elegant man like the one before would be a very precious boon.

Edith tried to say something the object of which was to intimate that she would be glad to have her visitor call again.

And he did call many times.

And one day he called on a jeweller, and gave an order for an anchor to be made of pure gold, the best and most perfect that could be made for the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars, the figures "120" to be inlaid with diamond points on one side of the anchor, and the other side surmounted by a double heart.

"A strange fancy," said the jeweller to one of his workmen as his customer passed out. "And a very unique design. There is some romantic incident in this—a love story or adventure of some sort. One thing is very evident however, from the other orders the gentleman gave us, he is about to be married."

When the solemn words were pronounced that made Edward Meredith and Edith Fielding the happiest of the happy, the symbol of hope, fidelity, purity, and love, so appropriate as a memento of the event that had brought them to each other, suspended by a chain of gold that encircled the neck of the bride, was resting on her bosom.

About Hats.—Among the strange scenes found in some cities is the synogogue of the orthodox Jews, who wear their hats during services. This is in obedience to the Mosaic prohibition. "They shall not make baldness on their heads." The most remarkable instance of going bareheaded, however, of which I have ever read is afforded by the famous Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer. It is stated that late in life he visited his native town, and while there was missed by his associates. They subsequently learned that his absence was occasioned by his standing bareheaded in the market place for an hour to atone for an unfilial conduct to his father fifty years previous. This may be explained by the fact that penance is always done with uncovered head, and the lexicograper had a great deal of the ascetic in his nature. Hats enter widely into the small talk of common life. A hat is a "cady" or a "tile;" to bet a new hat is a popular style of wager, and the expression, "I'll take your hat," indicates getting a joke in the speaker's favor. "What a shocking bad hat" was once a frequent witticism of low comedy. The hat is a common indicator of a man's feelings. Should he be in a state of excitement from stimulus, he is said to have "a brick in his hat," while on the other hand a weed surrounding the latter suggests that the bearer is supposed to be in a sorrowful frame. The hat is thus the signboard of that ridiculous custom falsely called "mourning." Hats are not worn in Japan. A society man indeed in that enlightened country would not soil his head with such a covering. All the protection he asks is afforded by an umbrella. Hats were once used in the military service and Napoleon would not look natural without his clumsy chapeau, but good sense has substituted the cap, the naval service, because it is more easily restrained during a gale; it is better for soldiers as more convenient in time of action.

Where the parental and filial instincts are supplemented by that highest and more spiritual affection that binds together minds in intellectual communion and souls in heartfelt sympathy, few deeper and more delightful friendships can be imagined. The guardian and dependent gradually lose themselves in the dear companion and true friend of later life; and youth becomes wiser and age brighter, and both nobler and happier in this loving and abiding union.

If we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears but shame—let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible.

The Major's Coat.

BY A. R. H.

MAJOR BLOSSOM, who had been a military man, and still delighted in his military title, was a stout handsome gentleman of fifty, exceedingly fond of whisky.

Major Blossom, when he went abroad of fine days in winter, always wore a military coat of a peculiar rich dark blue, of very fine cloth.

It had a seal-skin collar, cuffs, and trimmings, and was very elegant.

A shabby old frock-coat always hung behind the kitchen door, in which the Major well knew it was the wish of his wife that he should array himself when pottering about his cellar or garret.

The Major's best coat was the pride of his wife's heart.

She kept it well brushed.

She hung it up carefully on a particular peg; and she always looked at the sky, and calculated on the chances of fair weather, before she let the Major put it on for a promenade.

However, the most Argus-eyed are sometimes caught off duty.

One rainy day, when she had seen her husband safely ensconced behind a pile of newspapers, with the avowed determination "to read the whole of a murder trial from beginning to end," Mrs. Blossom went up to her garret to do that sort of work which housekeepers generally keep for rainy days.

She was gone an hour; and when she came downstairs again the Major had vanished.

It was pouring hard, but his papers lay in a heap on the table, his glasses amongst them, and near them his treasured meerschaum.

"Gracious me!" cried the Major's wife; "he's gone out! He'll go to the hotel, I know, and in all this rain, too!"

Then a dreadful idea occurred to her.

She rushed to the wardrobe, and looked in.

Alas! the warm rainy-weather overcoat was there, but the splendid blue coat was gone.

His umbrella was also there.

"He's worn his best coat, and left his umbrella!" said the Major's lady, throwing herself into an arm-chair. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, Maggie! your master has worn his best coat out in this weather!"

Maggie, an ancient and treasured domestic, rushed in and burst into lamentations.

Both women cast an eye on an empty decanter which stood beside a glass upon the table.

Each knew perfectly well that it had not been empty an hour before, and each understood why the Major had gone out in the rain umbrellaless.

Then Maggie went back to her kitchen, and Mrs. Blossom looked up the empty decanter and waited for the Major's return.

The day passed on.

Twilight fell.

The rain beat down harder than ever; but through the shadows and the storm the Major's wife at last saw her husband stumbling up the street.

The drink had affected his head very materially, and he was in his shirt sleeves.

The lady flew to the door and almost dragged the befuddled wanderer to the fireside.

"You're drenched!" she said. "You're soaked to the skin! Oh, my dear, my dear! And where's you're beautiful coat? What's become of it? Tell me, there's a good fellow. Come into your bedroom, and go to bed. I'll wrap your feet in flannel, and put you on a nightcap, and give you some hot tea, and maybe you won't die of pneumonia. Oh, dear! But what did you do with your coat, my dear?"

And divided between anxiety for her husband's health and his best coat, poor Mrs. Blossom awaited an answer.

"Act of b'nevolence," hiccupped Major Blossom, meekly allowing his wife to pull his boots off. "Act of b'nevolence. Gave my coat away."

"Gave your coat away!" shrieked Mrs. Blossom. "Oh, how the stuff must have affected your head, Major."

"My heart, my heart, my dear!" said the Major, passing his hand vaguely over his chest. "Soft heart—soft heart. Couldn't have it on a poor fellow without a coat this cold day—human being, fellow-man. I've got plenty of coats."

"That was noble of you, Major, I'm sure," said the lady, tucking in the quilts. "Who is he? Where is he?"

"Known 'Todgers a," said the Major.

"Is he there still?"

"Todgers is a noble fellow! Wouldn't turn a dog out in this weather," said the Major, and sudden y began to snore.

"My gracious!" said poor Mrs. Blossom, softly leaving the room, followed by Maggie, "the Major will never get a coat to fit like that again. I wonder whether we could get it back again, Maggie? The man may be at the hotel yet. Is your nephew in the kitchen, Maggie?"

"Yes'm," said Maggie.

And, indeed, that youth generally hung about the place at meal-times.

"Send him in," said Mrs. Blossom.

Maggie opened the door, and called out "Billy!"

Billy came.

He was an over-grown, fat boy, very stupid and very slow, but honest as the day.

He came in bashfully, and stood grinding himself against the wall.

"Billy," said Mrs. Blossom, "I want you to do an errand for me. Take an umbrella, and go up to the hotel for me. Ask Mr. Todgers to show you the man the Major gave a coat to, and go to him and give him this." Mrs. Blossom took a coin from her pocket book—"and the coat that hangs behind the kitchen door. You understand, Billy?"

"Yes'm," said Billy. "This here money and that there coat behind the kitching-door."

"Very correct, Billy," said Mrs. Blossom; "and say Mrs. Blossom's compliments, and would he accept the money and the coat, and return the one the Major gave him. Perhaps ready money would be as acceptable. Be polite, Billy, and say it would be a favor to me."

Billy listened and went his way.

He was gone half an hour, but he returned triumphantly, with something carefully wrapped in newspapers.

Mrs. Blossom undid the parcel, and held up a shabby, yellow-brown, swallow-tailed coat, with patches on both sleeves, and one between the shoulders.

"This is master's working coat," said Maggie, inspecting it closely. "He's played a trick on Billy."

"He hasn't!" said Billy, stoutly. "This was the coat he had on a-sitting in the bar-room, and he took it off, and gave it to me, wrappin' it in the newspaper he did, and he put on the one I fetched him."

"And what did you take him, Billy?" asked Mrs. Blossom.

"The coat that hung behind the kitching door—blue cloth, trimmed up with fur."

"His best coat!" cried Mrs. Blossom. "How did it come there, in the name of goodness?"

"Oh," said Billy, rejoicing in his power to offer information, "before he went out the Major hung the blue coat up behind the door, and put on that there one. Says he, 'If my wife saw me going out in that I'd catch it.' That's how it hung there. You see, the Major he was sort o'——"

But here Maggie pounced down upon her unfortunate nephew, and soundly boxed his ears.

"You wretched boy! Why did'nt you tell us that before?" shrieked the Major's wife.

"Nobody axed me," said Billy, in an injured tone.

His aunt instantly boxed his ears again, but that did no good.

The Major's best coat was gone forever, in company with the money.

True Heroism.

BY W. H. C.

ELEANOR GRAY and Dora Alton were great friends, though two more dissimilar in every way it would be hard to find.

For, while Eleanore was tall, dark, and brilliantly colored, Dora was childishly slight, with a pale, lily-fair skin; and while Eleanore was vivacious and daring, Dora was shy and quiet.

And, strange to say, the one you would deem least fitted to cope with the world was the one whom circumstances had compelled to do so from her earliest youth.

The acquaintance between the two girls began at school; and when Eleanore, leaving school-days behind for ever, came to her beautiful home, at her urgent solicitation, Dora, whom she had grown to love as tenderly as a sister, accompanied her.

The first month of vacation has passed, and the second has been entered upon, and Dora sighs as she thinks how very soon the time will have flown, and this delightful experience that has come to her like an oasis in the monotonous desert of her life will have ended.

And yet the roses of pleasure have not been entirely without the thorns that always accompany them.

Five weeks do not constitute a great portion of time; but in them much may happen, and they have sufficed to implant in Dora's gentle heart a something as strong as she knows it is hopeless.

By the terms of the deceased Mr. Gray's will, his friend, Mark Eldridge, a man many years younger than himself, but possessing his utmost confidence, was left executor of his large fortune and guardian to his daughter.

Thus it is that Gray Cottage frequently sees Mr. Eldridge's genial, handsome face; and thus it is also that, in listening to his fluent conversation, which opens before her broad vistas of knowledge as well as entertainment, Dora has come to think that not in all the world is another so wise and good as worthy of a maiden's love.

But not a hint of the truth does she suffer to escape, for she imagines that she has read a secret, and she is not surprised.

"She is so beautiful and intelligent, it is no wonder that he loves her," she muses, as she watches with feelings of mingled admiration, tenderness, and pain the guardian and his lovely ward.

The days go by until one comes which is long remembered.

It has been a stormy afternoon, and with the gathering darkness the thunder begins to mutter menacingly.

Sweetbriar Cottage, as Eleanor's pleasant home is called, is situated upon a slight elevation, whose foot is washed by a narrow stream, between which and terra firma runs the railway.

From their position in the bow-window, where they are watching with fascinated eyes the cloud-phantasy of gloom rent by lurid light which the storm presents to their vision, the girls can see the line up and down for some way.

Suddenly a tremendous crash startles them to their feet, and at the same instant a lightning flash illumines the whole sky and surrounding objects.

Eleanor's face grows very pale as she grasps her companion's arm, and points down upon the line.

"Dora, the great elm at the foot of the terrace has been struck.

"See, it has fallen across the line.

"The seven o'clock express will be due in half an hour.

"Dora, they will be wrecked, for the curve will prevent them seeing the danger before it is too late."

Dora looks and trembles.

"Can we do nothing, Eleanore?" she asks.

"No; for the nearest telegraph station is across the river, and there is no other for five miles."

"We crossed the river yesterday, Eleanore.

"Can we not do it now? I am going to try."

Eleanore gazed at her in surprise.

"Dora Alton, you are crazy to think of such a thing.

"To cross upon the stepping-stones in fair weather is quite a different thing to attempt in such a storm as this.

"The water is very deep.

"A single false step, and your life would pay the forfeit."

"Nevertheless I shall try.

"I know the way, and I may be the means of saving hundreds of my fellow-creatures from a horrible fate.

"Do not try to dissuade me, Eleanore; I must go."

And though Eleanore redoubled her terrified remonstrances, Dora went about her preparations firmly, with a look of determination upon her young face that never faltered.

At last she was ready, and Eleanore strained her small, waterproof-clad figure close to her heart.

"Heaven protect you and keep you, my darling!" she said, solemnly.

"You go for duty's sake to brave a danger that, fearless as I have always deemed myself to be, I would never dare to attempt.

"I love life too well to face what seems certain death."

"Ah, I, too, love life," Dora said, as she disengaged herself from her friend's clinging arms; "but something draws me on.

"Though I knew I never should return, I should go."

Out in the storm and the darkness Dora hurries.

The wind beats against her, now pushing her back, now urging her forward, until at length she stands upon the brink of the little river that ripples as innocently and cheerily along under a sunny sky, but whose waves now are leaping and tossing their foam crests like mad things.

The stepping-stones, which but yesterday were so easily crossed, are before her, and Dora begins her perilous journey.

"Come back! Dora, Dora, come back!" calls Eleanor's voice from the terrace above.

But she does not heed.

Steadily she goes onward, but, oh, so slowly! oftentimes slipping, and on the very edge of falling into the treacherous water, whose inky blackness only seems the denser when, for a few seconds, the glare of the lightning shows her what progress she is making.

She has gained the centre of the stream.

Her slight form is trembling with the combined effect of the cold, which strikes through her dripping garments, and the bodily exertions she has been compelled to make to keep her footing upon the slippery rocks.

Will she be able to reach the other side?

Bravely she struggles on, and at length the goal is reached, and her feet touch the other shore.

A short while later the telegraph operator, leaning idly back in his chair in his warm office, is startled by the entrance of a small, dripping figure, looking, with its dishevelled hair and pallid face, like a visitant from some ghostly sphere.

"A tree has fallen across the line opposite Miss Gray's cottage.

"Telegraph for the seven o'clock express to stop.

Then her mission accomplished, the brave heart stops beating, and Dora sinks unconscious to the floor.

Four weeks have gone by—weeks of the most intense anxiety; for all that time Dora has laid between life and death.

But at last the shadow has lifted, and out once more into health's sunshine she has emerged, to the heartfelt joy of the friends who have prayed for her recovery incessantly, even when they feared their prayers would be of no avail.

It is a bright, pleasant day, though somewhat chill, and in Eleanor's cosy sitting-room, in an easy chair, near the cheery fire, Dora is seated.

She looks very lovely, for the fire-glow has lent a delicate color to her pale cheeks, and made into a aureole of gold the short waves of hair that cluster about her fair forehead.

The door gently opens, and a voice says, "May I come in?"

It is Mr. Eldridge, and it is the first time since her illness that Dora has met him.

The delicate color deepens as she resigns her hand to his clasp, and answers his words of greeting.

They chat for a while; and then, to Dora's great surprise, she learns what she has not known before, that among those who to her brave deed owed their safety from death was her friend's guardian.

"I asked Eleanore not to tell you," he says; "for I wished to thank you myself, and at the same time to ask you a question most momentous to me.

"It is this.

"Dora, will you make the life you have saved more precious by laying that dear hand on mine, and saying that you will be my wife?

"Ah, little one! my heart went out to you the first time that we met; but I little knew to what a strength my passion had grown until the dark hour came when I feared that death was about to snatch you from me.

"Dora, what is my answer to be?"

"And I always thought it was Eleanore you cared for," Dora says, as, a little later, she sits with a happy face, and her little hand tightly clasped in her lover's.

"So I do care for Eleanore—very much; but it is Dora—my heroic darling—that I wish for my wife—the guardian angel of my heart and my home!" is his answer.

"I am more pleased than I can express," is Eleanore's enthusiastic exclamation, when the blissful secret is confided to her.

"I do not believe that in all the universe there is anyone nobler than my guardian; and, Dora, darling, you are well mated, for nobility and heroism are kindred qualities, and after what has passed you can certainly never call yourself a coward!"

Dora stopped her mouth with a kiss.

FAMOUS PHRASES.—Washington Irving gives us "The Almighty dollar."

Thomas Morton queried long ago: "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" while Goldsmith answers: "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs."

Charles C. Pinckney gives "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute."

"First in war, first in the heart of his fellow-citizens" (not countrymen) appeared in the resolutions presented to the House of Representatives in December, 1790, by General Henry Lee.

Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gives us: "It's an ill wind turns no good," "Better late than never," and "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss."

"All cry and no wool" is found in Butler's "Hudibras."

"Dryden says: "None but the brave deserves the fair," "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin."

"No pent-up Utica contracts our power," declared Jonathan Sewell.

"Of two evils I have chosen the least" and "The end must justify the means" are from Matthew Prior.

"We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the agreeable intelligence that "Richard is himself again."

"Johnson tells us of "A good hater," and Mackintosh made the phrase often attributed to John Randolph, "Wise and masterly inactivity."

"Variety is the very spice of life," and "Not much the worse for wear" are from Cowper.

"Man proposes, but God disposes" is from Thomas A. Kempis.

Edward Coke was of the opinion that "A man's house is his castle."

"To Milton we owe "The paradise of fools," "A wilderness of sweets," and "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness."

Edward Young tells us "Death loves a shining mark," "A fool at forty is a fool indeed," but, alas! for his knowledge of human nature when he tells us "Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long."

From Bacon comes "Knowledge is power," and Thomas Southerne reminds us that "Pity's akin to love."

"Dean Swift thought that "Bread is the staff of life."

ROMAN HORSE RACES.—The horses in Rome have a festival, or series of festivals, during the month of August, when, on every Saturday evening, the Piazza Navona, the ancient Circus Agonalis, is laid under water for their especial benefit, by stopping the outlets of its great fountains. Here they are ridden or driven by grooms and coachmen, splashing up to the girths in the water, and thoroughly enjoying their bath, which also furnishes amusement to the spectators seated high and dry on the steps of the churches or filling the balconies of the adjoining houses. The famous horse race of Siena, annually run in the public square in the middle of August, seems a still more obvious reminiscence of the equestrian games of Neptune, formerly held on the 18th of that month, and celebrated down to the fourth century, with chariot races in the streets of every city in the Roman Empire. The competing horses must each represent one of its seventeen parishes, and is distinguished by its own cresset and device, as "The Wave," "The Tower," "The Goose," and each the object of the liveliest animosity to the inhabitants of all the others. The rough pavement of the Campo—from its shape aptly likened to a scallop shell—makes it seem singularly ill-chosen for a racecourse, but its shelving sides lend themselves admirably to the accommodation of the spectators. The horses, gaily caparisoned, are led in procession, each accompanied by seven pages in mediæval costume, who execute a very pretty dance or game with flags, tossing them into the air, with many graceful movements. The excitement of the populace sometimes almost threatens the peace of the city, and the victorious champion is loaded with honors and caresses by his partisans, who confine him in training through their own quarter of the town.

Our Young Folks.

THE USE OF A MATCH.

BY T. W. P.

THERE was a rough wind blowing over a village in Pennsylvania, in the heart of the mining country, and it shook the windows of the house where my hero lived as though it would have torn them from their frames, as he went upstairs to his room after a weary day's work.

He was a handsome young fellow.

The poor people called him Dr. Austin; and his old friends called him King Harry, a name we gave him at the college, where for bearing and for high spirits and gay good-nature, we were pleased to suppose he resembled that dashing young Harry V. of England.

They said at Morton that King Harry had thrown himself away, when after going through Guy's Hospital in London, he abandoned all chances of celebrity and buried himself in a desolate region in Pennsylvania, where he was the only medical man for twenty miles round, and where his patients were chiefly poor miners and their families.

For myself, I have always believed him to be the right man in the right place.

His duty in these wild places often called him to face peril and undergo hardships, and Harry Austin was never a man to shrink from duty.

Doctors are brave when the cause of suffering humanity calls for bravery.

Believe me, boys, some of life's truest heroes have been found in the ranks of the modest profession.

He had just sunk into his first refreshing sleep when a vigorous pull of the night-bell aroused him.

He sprang up, hurried on his things, and went down.

Outside the door a man was standing, muffled up in his frost.

"Are you Master Austin, the doctorian' chap?"

"Yes. What's the matter?"

"Why, I've come three good mile to fetch ye.

"There's a precious bad case down there" (mentioning a miserable little village more than a mile away).

"My mate, Jem Davis, he at nolght work, d'ye see; a bit of rock fell on 'im, an' he's bin and broke his leg or summat. I reckon he's dead enough, so you'd better look sharp if ye 're coming."

Harry Austin reflected for a moment.

The way was across country inaccessible by horse and gig, dangerous, even with ponies.

"It's a bad night, isn't it?" he asked the man.

"Reckon it is; wind blows enoo' to kinder knock a man off his legs; got pretty nigh blown down a shaft myself comin' along," was the encouraging answer.

There rose up before the young doctor's mind the picture of the wretched hut, with the poor fellow dying for want of a skilful hand to dress his wounds or dying and leaving a wife and children to battle with poverty and perhaps to starve.

He did not reflect longer.

"Step inside, my man; I shall be ready in two minutes."

He lit his lantern and the two went out together.

The night was pitchy dark.

Now and then, through rifts in the masses of rolling clouds, a wan light struggled in the sky, like the light from the moon a great way off, but no moon was visible.

The wild October night whirled the dry leaves and loose stones and sticks in eddies before them.

"Thee bee's the right sort o' chap, master, to come without grumblin'; guess I'm grateful to ye," shouted his guide through the roaring of the gale.

"All right; step out as fast as you can, and look well ahead.

"This is ugly ground," shouted back Austin.

After nearly an hour's hard walking they reached the place.

A young Welsh girl, with a plaided shawl thrown over her head, was crying bitterly outside the door.

Several women were trying to soothe her and draw her within, but she shook them off.

"Let me bide; he's dead, I tell ye, and past ourin'.

"I telled ye the doctor would never come a night like this.

"Oh, Jim, Jim! and we only married a fortnight come Monday."

"Cheer up, lass, the doctor's here," said Austin's guide, lifting her gently from the ground, where she had passionately thrown herself, reckless of the wet and wind.

"Yes too late, he's gone!" she moaned.

Austin pushed his way

The patient, a powerful young miner, was dead. Appearances lead, to and hopeless was failed to make any impression from exhaustion and loss of blood.

An application of the usual remedies revived him.

His recovery, however was sufficiently collected to see the doctor and to thank him for the service he had rendered.

Having walked slowly and cautiously for about half an hour, he was surprised at passing no familiar landmarks.

Had he lost his way?

He raised his lantern above his head, and looked about him.

The light showed him that he was in a dangerous part of the district known as "The Black Chasm," abounding in pits and quite half a mile out of his way.

"How on earth did I get here?" he thought to himself, surprised.

"I must have taken the left hand turning by the bridge instead of the right, awkward, decidedly, but I can soon find my way back."

His candle had burnt low in the lantern and required lifting.

As he stooped to raise it, opening the glass, a sudden gust of wind sweeping down the hillside extinguished it, and he was left in total darkness.

He stepped a yard or two forward, and then, moved by some mysterious instinct, for which he cannot account to this day, he stood still.

The situation was terrible.

Black night above and around him; a wild wind howling in his ears.

To move he dared not.

A step on either side, without a ray of light to guide him, might hurl him fathoms down a pit's mouth to his death.

Far off on the high road he saw a little moving speck of light, some belated miner trudging homewards.

He shouted but the wind carried his voice away, and the light moved on and vanished out of sight.

Had he been heard it is doubtful whether the passerby would have come to his assistance, for the place bore a sinister reputation, and few ventured there after nightfall.

How the minutes would break and the moon shine out!

But no beam shone from any quarter, and the dark of the heavens seemed more impenetrable than before.

Suddenly a happy thought flashed into his mind.

He remembered that he had put a box of matches in an inner coat as he left his house.

He felt for it eagerly.

Joy! the box was there.

He opened it hastily.

It was empty: not a match—not a single match did it contain.

He flung it away, and with a faint hope that some might have got loose, he searched in all his pockets.

Were there any?

Yes! Stop!

Yes, there was one, not in a pocket, but in the lining of his coat he found one match, only one.

Never had he held one frail little shaving of wood so precious before.

Screening it with his hat from the wind, he struck it, lit his lantern, and by the light of it saw there, just before him, at his very feet, the black yawning mouth of a disused shaft.

He was standing on the brink; a step further would have launched him into eternity.

With deep thankfulness for his marvelous preservation, he turned away, and soon regained the right road.

Harry Austin is a rich man now, and married.

Some years after he succeeded to a great property, and in order to perpetuate the memory of the adventure, he adopted as his crest a lucifer match, with the motto, "Life by Light."

His children are much like other children, noisy, happy, troublesome little creatures; but among their many faults they possess one virtue you may have already guessed—they never waste a match!

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY A. B. H.

"OH Doctor Wilson, I am so glad to meet you!"

Miss Marion Duncan reined up her pretty ponies, and laid a dainty gauntleted hand upon the velvet-cushioned edge of her carriage, to speak to the gentleman who was passing her.

"I want you to come over to-morrow night, and help us arrange our scenes and costumes for the charades on Friday evening.

"Your taste is so perfect. You'll come?"

"Of course, Miss Marion, you have only to command.

"I don't flatter myself, I can be of much service, but I'll be there," said Doctor Wilson, with a smile.

"Thank you, thank you! We all defer so to you.

"Mamma said to me just before I came out, 'My dear, why don't you consult Doctor Wilson?'

"How could I help all these points for you, in such taste!"

"My great talent is my excellent memory," says Doctor Wilson, with a smile which left Miss Marion in doubt whether it was earnest or mockery.

"Stop! the way there!" growled a gruff voice before them.

Doctor Wilson, with another bow to Miss Marion, stepped back.

She whipped up her ponies and drove on, but she did not see the little figure flung prostrate at her horses' feet and her right wheels.

Let us hope she saw not, for she drove straight on.

But Doctor Wilson saw, and never thinking of dainty gloves and spotless broadcloth sprang into the mud instantly, to save the child.

Quick as he was, another was quicker.

A light girlish form, in black cashmere, flew from the sidewalk, and was first to raise the fallen child.

"Oh, poor, poor little thing!" she cried.

"She is hurt badly!

"Oh, somebody go for a doctor, quick!"

She raised an appealing face to the crowd already gathering, and Doctor Wilson came a step nearer.

"I am a physician, madam," he said, raising his hat, and bending over the broken little form resting upon the young girl's knee.

"Let me see her. Yes, she is much hurt.

"We are just in front of the drug store; let us take her in there, until an ambulance can be brought.

"She will have to be taken to the hospital."

A stout policeman lifted the child and carried her into the store, where she was laid upon a sofa, and tenderly cared for.

"I wonder if she has any home or friends," said the young lady, with dark eyes swimming with tears of pity.

"Not much of a home, miss, nor any friends who'll look after her," said the stout policeman.

"She's a little girl as sells matches and such like.

"She'd better be took to the hospital. I'll go round the corner for ambulance.

He came back in a few minutes, and the child was carried to the carriage as comfortably as she could be inside the vehicle.

"Will she be taken good care of?" asked the kind young lady, raising her fair face, anxiously.

"Yes, it is likely as she will," said the big policeman.

"I wish I could go with her. What hospital is she going to?"

The policeman gave the name, and the young girl turned to Dr. Wilson.

"Oh sir, you say you are a physician. You look as if you would give this poor little friendless thing better care than the hospital doctors will.

"Go with her for humanity's sake, won't you?" raising an appealing glance to his face.

"I will, and do what I can for her, both in money and care," said the young doctor, gravely.

"Heaven bless you, sir! I too will go to see her, and help what little I can; I am only a working-girl," with a faint color coming into her face, "and it isn't much I can do.

"But I thank you for her, sir."

Doctor Wilson bowed to her as courteously as he had done to Miss Marion Duncan, sprang to his seat in the carriage, and the young lady passed on, and they were parted.

Doctor Wilson saw many fair faces in Miss Duncan's parlor the next night, but somehow above them all he carried a haunting vision of a pale sweet countenance, with dark earnest eyes, swimming with pitying tears, and an expression of true womanliness and refinement upon its noble brow, which he did not find among those bejeweled and befrizzed belles.

"Who was that young girl?

What was her name, and where did she live?" were questions which had been in his mind often during the last twenty-four hours.

During the evening he took an opportunity to tell Miss Marion of the accident which had happened under her carriage-wheels, but he did not mention the young lady.

"Dear me, how disagreeable!" exclaimed Miss Marion.

"Such people always seem to be getting hurt.

"What are they always in the street for?"

Then seeing the look of surprise in the young doctor's face, she added in quite another tone—

"Of course I shall do something for her. I will send her some money and a basket of fruit to-morrow."

"Thank you," said the doctor.

But it occurred to him that as Miss Marion had not asked to what hospital the child was taken, nor any other question, she would not be at all likely to keep her promise.

The next morning it chanced that some little errand for Miss Marion took Doctor Wilson to Mr. Duncan's house early in the morning.

As he ran up the steps a lady dressed in black came down, carrying a large bundle.

The doctor politely raised his hat, the lady bowed and passed on, but as she glanced up he caught a glimpse of the same pale sweet face he had seen a few days before.

He guessed then that she was Miss Marion's dressmaker, but he would not ask her name here.

Some impulse told he would not befriend her by speaking a word concerning her, or his having seen her.

Charles Duncan called him to the river as soon as he went in.

Miss Marion was in ecstasies over a charade costume which had just come in, and she called upon him to admire it.

"My dressmaker, Miss Lewis, has most admirable taste in costumes," said she. "When she comes to bring home my bal-dress to-night I mean to make her stay and arrange every one of our dresses.

"She won't charge extra, and I should have to give Madame Legarde ten dollars to get her to do it."

An odd expression came into Doctor Wilson's face, but Miss Marion did not see it.

It happened that a call kept the doctor very late that night, and the charades were in progress when he came in.

Familiar with the house, he ran up to the dressing-room unattended.

Just as he was passing it, the sound of voices in a room just below caught his attention.

It was Miss Marion who was saying:

"There now we are all dressed, Miss Leslie, you can go.

"We don't need you any longer."

"Alone, Miss Duncan?" said the soft voice which the doctor remembered at once.

"Why, of course, I suppose you are used to it," returned Miss Marion, with an almost sneering tone.

"Oh, indeed I am not! I have never been alone in the streets so late, and it is so far to my home, Miss Duncan. Won't you, please, send a servant with me?"

"The servants are all busy and can't be spared.

"You'll have to go alone.

"Working girls needn't be too particular.

"And, by the way, I'll pay your bill some other time—I can't spare any money now, these parties cost so much.

"Go along now, and you needn't come back till I send for you."

Miss Marion swept out in her splendid dress, Doctor Wilson still in hat and overcoat watching her from the dressing-room door unobserved.

Then the sound of a suppressed sob fell on his ear, and the next moment, pale as death, the young dressmaker came out of the room, and went down the side stairway.

Doctor Wilson followed instantly, and met her just at the door.

He opened, opened it, passed out with her and closing it on the outside, he said, respectfully:

"Miss Leslie, I have just overheard Miss Duncan's dismissal of you, and I have come to see you safely home.

"It is too late for you to go alone. You have met me twice; you know me I think; I am Dr. Wilson. Will you take my arm?"

"Oh no! thank you for your kindness, but I must not let you!

What would they say?" panted the young girl.

"It makes little difference what they or the whole world say, when I know I am right," said the young doctor, firmly. "I shall not allow you to take that long walk alone Miss Leslie. You know you are afraid to go."

"Confess I am not——"

"Well, then, if you refuse my escort I will open the door and call for Mr Duncan, and he will assure you that you need not fear to trust me."

"Oh, I don't!" impulsively spoke the young girl.

"Take my arm then, and I will tell you something more of the little girl you were so kind to the other day. I am sure you want to hear from her."

"Oh yes, I do, Doctor Wilson. I am a poor girl and you are good and noble, and I am going to trust you.

"I will accept your protection, for oh, I am fearfully afraid of that long dark walk."

"That is a sensible speech. Come, then."

He drew her hand through his arm, and they went out into the night together.

While Miss Marion, wondering vainly why Doctor Wilson did not come, never dreamed that the reason why was that he was walking rapidly away from her door with the deepest little dressmaker clinging to the arm upon which she was longing to lean.

And when three months later she received cards bearing the names of Doctor and Mrs. Wilson, nee Miss Amy Leslie, she never guessed that the reason she lost the young doctor herself was because she had let him learn the difference between her own unwomanliness and Amy's true kind heart and sweet disposition.

THE EVIL OF MUCH MONEY.—A French physician, has published some novel observations on a disease peculiar to bank clerks. It has been repeatedly noticed for years that bankers' clerks, after having handled for several days in succession large quantities of silver five franc pieces, suffer from disorders of the respiratory and digestive organs. These have been ascribed to a dark greenish metallic dust, which is raised by taking the coin from the bags where they are generally kept, weighing them and putting them back. This dust impregnates the air of the room, blackens the skin and penetrates into the respiratory and digestive tracts together with the air and saliva. In the year 1872 and 1874, when the money which had been paid by France to Prussia as a tribute was returned to France through mercantile transactions, the clerks spent an unusual long time in handling the coins, which had not been taken out of the bags for some years, and the affection was more marked than ever. Owing to the peculiar circumstances under which this affection has been first observed, there can be no doubt as to its being due partly to the copper oxydized state of the silver. Both metals are used in the coinage of five franc pieces, in the proportion of nine-tenths of silver and one-tenth of copper.

WHILE working as a blacksmith, the Rev. R. Hirst, who lately died in England studied the languages in his spare time, reading the newspapers of Latin, Greek and French verbs on the flame-stone of his forge. Beside these tongues, he studied Hebrew, Arabic, Sanskrit and Syriac.

TRUTH.

He wins at last who builds his trust
In loving words and actions just.

The winter blast is stern and cold,
Yet summer has its harvest gold.

Sorrow and gloom the soul may meet,
Yet love wrings triumph from defeat.

The clouds may darken o'er the sun,
Yet rivers to the ocean run.

Earth brings the bitterest of pain,
Yet worth the crown of peace will gain.

The wind may roar among the trees,
Yet great ships sail the stormy seas.

Full oft we feel the surge of tears,
Yet joy has light for all the years.

On every banner blazon bright,
"For God, and truth, and love we fight."

ON THE MOMENT'S SPUR.

SECOND THOUGHTS are generally said to be best; and an old adage bids us "think twice before we speak once." In these go-ahead times, however, scarcely anyone but a very slow person indeed would consider it sound policy to follow to the letter these really kind and inestimable precepts laid down for our guidance by our great-great-grandparents.

Yet, remarks made on the spur of the moment have not unfrequently a meaning which was not quite what the speaker wished to convey.

For instance, two ladies having missed "the meet," drew up their pony-trap, and one of them accosted the old gamekeeper who was passing: "Do you know where the hounds are, Robins?" "Y' are just too late, ma'am," was the answer; "the gentleman be all gone."

On another occasion, a matter-of-fact corporal was compelled to bring a refractory soldier before his superiors, and his account of the delinquent ended in this way: "Why, you see, Major, he thinks he can go out whenever he likes, and come in when he likes, swagger about, tell lies, get tipsy—and, in fact, behave just as if he was an officer."

Again two gentlemen met in the city, and at parting, one of the gentlemen said: "Well, you'll look us up at George's Hill—near the 'Zoo,' you know?" "With pleasure, my dear fellow," was the reply; "my children have been anxious for some considerable time to see the monkeys."

These and other similar expressions are doubtlessly spoken innocently, and without due consideration as to their consequences.

During a wild and raging storm at sea, the chaplain nervously asked one of the crew if he thought there was any serious danger to be apprehended. "There is, and no mistake," replied the sailor. "If it keeps on blowing as hard as it does now, I reckon we shall all be in Paradise before twelve o'clock to-night." The chaplain, terrified at the answer, cried out: "Shall we? Heaven forbid." Circumstances alter cases; and words uttered and passed unnoticed at one time, would not be perhaps countenanced at another. We must, therefore, make many allowances for what is spoken on the spur of the moment.

We may remark, too, how vastly interesting it is to contemplate the activity and perseverance which almost every individual exhibits in his own individual interest.

We may remark, too, how vastly interesting it is to contemplate the activity and perseverance which almost every individual exhibits in his own individual interest. Cooke, the tragedian, was in the habit of giving passes to a widow lady, who upon one occasion occupied a prominent seat in the pit with her little girl, when their friend the performer was about to meet an untimely end by a stage-rival. As the villainous looking assassin, armed with a deadly weapon, stealthily drew near to accomplish his wicked purpose, the maiden, roused by the supposed imminence of his danger, started anxiously exclaiming, "Oh, pray, don't kill him! don't kill him! For if you do, he won't give us any more orders for the pit."

We can readily conjecture how the gravity of the situation was upset by this sudden outburst of feeling—undeniable spoken on the spur of the moment. Simplicity, however, according to Longfellow, is "in character, in manners, in style, and in all things, the supreme excellence." "Patrick," said an Irish gentleman to his servant one morning, "I heard last night, from undoubted authority, that you have the audacity to go and tell some people that I was a shabby old rascal, a mean fellow, and anything but a gentleman. I am told that those were your exact words." "Bedad, sor," replied Pat, "and it's there ye're quite wrong. I can assure you, sor, that I don't tell me private thoughts to every wan."

Steele laid down the maxim that it was decidedly wrong to allow anyone to be so familiar with you as to praise you to your face. We are told that the wives of men of sentiment invariably adopt this rule, and are not always the most appreciative of women. It is related of Siebenkees, an eminent German scholar, that having finished reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who appeared to be listening with bated breath and eyelids cast down, he closed the book with an inward satisfaction at the completion of his labors, only to hear the sharer of his joys exclaim: "My dear, pray don't put on your left stocking to-morrow—I see there is a hole in it." There was evidently neither praise nor encouragement in this remark, but the reader will perceive it was made on the spur of the moment.

Sometimes the greatest compliments, by being awkwardly expressed, may tend to give offence. A clergyman in the country had a stranger to officiate for him one day, and meeting his beadle afterwards, he said to him: "Well, Dougall, how did you like last Sunday's preaching?" "It was a great deal owre plain and simple for me," replied the beadle. "I like sermons that jumble the judgment and confound the sense. Od, sir, I never saw one that could come up to yourself at that!"

Grains of Gold.

Watch carefully over your passions.

A fly is nothing, but it spoils the appetite.

At sight of a glow-worm the timid cry "Are!"

The evils of life come mainly through ambition.

Jealousy is the homage that inferiority pays to merit.

Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong.

Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours.

Better a man with paradoxes than a man with prejudices.

An effort made for the comfort of others lifts us above ourselves.

The best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt them.

The word you hold back is your slave, the word you say your master.

To some purpose is that man wise who is wise at another man's expense.

The silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

The man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man.

Hypocrisy is a hard game to play at, for it is one deceiver against many observers.

No man ever designed injury to another without doing a greater to himself.

Over-earnest asseverations give men suspicion that the speaker is conscious of his own falsities.

We are apt to mistake the echoing of our own vanity for the admiration and applause of the world.

Do not accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a serious calamity.

Excess of grief for the deceased is madness; for it is an injury to the living, and the dead know it not.

He is a rare man who has none but real sorrows. The imaginary ones are often the most troublesome.

Youth gives us the prospect of a long life, but we seldom think of rationally providing for its enjoyment.

Worry kills more people than work, and laziness—though many will scarcely believe it—kills more than both together.

There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles, not dimples.

If, when angry, one controls himself and refrains from speech, he may spare another much pain, and himself the pangs of remorse.

When you are down-hearted, and the world looks black to you, you ought to be hospitable enough to entertain a hope for better days.

No one can gain by a vicious action. The gain is apparent, outward: but the loss is lasting, permanent. It is parting with a part of our soul.

The only true way of preventing a single desire from absorbing our nature and ruining our usefulness is to bring others into constant play.

He alone is wise who accommodates himself to all the contingencies of life; but the fool contends, and is always struggling like a swimmer with the stream.

A charitable untruth, an uncharitable truth, and an unwise management of truth or love are all to be carefully avoided by him who would go with a right foot in the narrow way.

God is attracting our regard in and through all things. Every flower is a hint of His beauty, every grain of wheat is a token of His beneficence; every atom of dust is a revelation of His power.

The truly great man is he who does not lose his child-heart. He does not think beforehand that his words shall be sincere, nor that his action shall be resolute; he simply always abides in the right.

Femininities.

To be a man in the true sense is, in the first place, and above all things, to have a wife.

If a lady gives a gentleman the "mitten," the proceeding may be called a sleight-of-hand performance.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to the dressmaker's.

Women's heads are like safes; you can't tell how much they have in them by the number of locks they have on.

For a pretty woman to wear too many jewels is as foolish as to put three feet of gilt frame to one foot of picture.

"Ah, excuse me, but I thought you lived here and did plain sewing," is the way the shoddyites at Saratoga insult each other.

Young women read, with ill-concealed envy, that a Kansas widow has just come back from the funeral of her sixth husband.

That homely babies make the best-looking folks is an adage as old as time itself; but you dare not tell a mother her baby was homely.

Notwithstanding all the modern improvements of husbandry, the matrimonial harvest is still gathered with the cradle and thrashed by hand.

The highest ambition of a Roman girl is to marry a sentimental macaroni-moucher, and sit with him on the back stairs of the Coliseum by moonlight.

The daughter of the famous John Brown, Sally, has been appointed Adjuster at the Mint in San Francisco. She is said to be both intellectual and cultured.

When Ben Jonson said, "'A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house,'" uttered a libel on every pretty housekeeper.

It is estimated by the census of 1890 that there is an average of five and a quarter girls to each family. An exchange unfeelingly adds: "In many of them the husband is the quarter."

An Iowa judge refused a woman a divorce which she wanted, because her husband kissed the pretty servant. He said she ought to be thankful that her husband had found a way to keep a servant girl.

A Hartford young lady was presented the other day by one of her admirers with a valuable pug dog. She returned it with a note, saying: "No, thanks; I am not rich enough to dress an ape."

The secret of Mrs. Langtry's beauty is out, for the lady recently told an American interviewer that she was the only girl in a family of seven children, and shared the out-of-door sports of six stout brothers.

A fashionable item says the belle of the period now wears at her waist a little music-box, faintly playing a single tune. The average American girl can put on enough airs without attaching a music box to her waist.

The woman who works in some honorable way to maintain herself, loses none of the dignity or refinement of true womanhood, and is much more an ornament to her sex than the woman whose days are passed in indolence.

A Missouri man said to a girl, "You look sweet enough to eat," and she had him arrested and fined $10. If he had said she looked sour enough to spoil, the result would have been even worse. Some women are so hard to please.

One of the regular exercises at Normal schools is writing words from dictation and giving their meaning. One of the words given out was "hazardous," which the young lady pupil spelled "hazardess," and declined a "female hazard."

It is hard work to keep track of all the intenseness of the age. An entirely new agony is for a young lady to spread the hammock open and invite a young man to repose therein. This signifies, "I'll catch you in this mesh, young man." And she usually does.

A young man of this city who married a girl named Rose, placed over their sitting-room door a handsomely-worked motto. "Rose by any other name would be sweet." A year or so afterward he took it down and put in its place: "No rose without a thorn."

An exchange tells of a Virginia girl that has collected the rattles from 127 rattlesnakes, each serpent having died from her own hands. She is a rattler on snakes. She would be an acquisition to some red-nosed fellow who is threatened with them every morning.

The first white hair! A woman still young in years held it up to the light and gazed upon it with tender melancholy, for was it not a harbinger of age that must surely come to her should she live, and she thought she would? It was the first white hair she had found in a new red wig she had bought a few days previous, and she was naturally mad about it.

A Western man advertised that he would be glad to see all his old customers in his new store. The consequence of the carelessly-worded advertisement is, that not a single (of married) lady has called in to buy anything yet. Even those who are upwards of seventy-five refuse to trade at his store. There is reason to fear there will be a falling off in his cash balance this year.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfil her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over-worked wife and mother a woman who is tired all her life through.

It is said that some of the German wives do not occupy the proud position of women under the same circumstances in America. Here she is the partner of her husband's riches or poverty, while there she at once becomes the man's servant. "Do you love me, Gretchen?" said a burly Teuton to the maiden of his choice. "I do," was the meek reply. "Then, my darling, come and pull off my boots." And the proper relationship between husband and wife was at once established.

News Notes.

Rich fabrics for Fall wear show handsome gold effects.

The list of the English clergy contains 28,000 names.

Thomas Jefferson was considered a good violin player.

Camp-meetings were held in this country as early as 1779.

Two Lancaster goats ate up all the butter on a market stand.

Pennsylvania has one hundred and five female physicians.

Two harnessed crocodiles tamely drew a wagon into Atlanta.

Bostonians use the word "ocean," but never the word "sea."

A Danville lad who saw a lady friend of his faint, fainted too.

An orange tree in Clay county, Florida, has 5,000 oranges on it.

Out of 5,400 postoffices in the country, only 200 are given to women.

Upward of 13,000,000 letters and postal-cards are posted daily in the world.

What are known as the great lakes in this country cover an area of 125,000 square miles.

A city belle at Newport won a wager that she could milk a cow the first time trying.

The St. Louis rag pickers have organized a union and filed articles of incorporation.

The sunflower had a good religious character once, being dedicated to St. Bartholomew.

There is a noble coal-mine owner in London who has had his coronet put on his coal-carts.

Glass-spinning and glass-flower manufacture are a very extensive branch of the Austrian glass industry.

The leader of a new Iowa brass band has suddenly disappeared with all the instruments and uniforms.

Rev. Mr. Green, of Raleigh, N. C., is the lightning baptizer, he having immersed 140 persons in 70 minutes.

Land purchasers in Dakota use an eleven-foot auger to test the ground when there is doubt as to its fertility.

Something over two million Bibles were distributed during the past year by the British and Foreign Society.

Miss Fox, who sues Mr. Low, of New Orleans, for breaking his promise to marry her, places the damage at $1.

There is in London a mania for fancy pins. One Hungarian had a collection of 800, which he recently sold to a dealer.

An educated catfish, which answers his master's call, and does many little tricks, amuses the people of Paducah, Ky.

Owing to a scarcity of printing paper in the Black Hills region, the newspapers there are issuing on wrapping paper.

A cake is to be publicly presented at Lancaster to the fisherman or hunter who tells the most original or picturesque lie.

Ontonagon county, Mich., the largest and richest county in the State, has no telegraph communication with the outside world.

More than four times the annual average destruction of life by lightning has already occurred in the United States this season.

London *Truth* suggests that black horses which are sent to the East should be whitewashed, because the flies are fond of black horses.

From some memoranda lately published by the Earl of Belmore, it appears that in Ireland in 1767 a man's daily wages were seven cents.

Columns of advertisements in Spanish appear in the New Orleans newspapers. This means that the city is getting trade from Mexico.

Near Brownsville, Nebraska, one day last week, a child was born having four arms and four legs. At last accounts it was alive and well.

George Leonard, born 1777, appeared lately in the Court of Records, Montreal, accompanying his wife, cited as a witness. He married only in 1874.

An English optician has invented what he calls spectacles, by the aid of which a person can see nearly as well under the water as in his normal element.

A retired jailer tells with disgust how the respectable women of San Francisco coddle condemned murderers, covering them with caresses and bouquets.

A Wisconsin boy won a wager with a playmate by holding his foot longest on the rail ahead of a locomotive. He will hobble on crutches the rest of his life.

This country has one medical man to every 600 inhabitants, while Canada has only one to 1,220 inhabitants, Great Britain one to 1,672, and Germany one to 3 000.

W. F. Eastman, of Butte Creek, Oregon, has a tooth which weighs eleven pounds. He found it in the bed of a stream. It belonged to some extinct kind of beast.

The largest diamond-cutting house is in Amsterdam, employing 40 persons, where the Koh-i-noor was cut. The trade is difficult, and the wages range from $7 to $11 a day.

English army officers hold that it is absolutely necessary to re-establish flogging for crimes when on active service. Imprisonment is impossible, and death is the only alternative.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick were separated by divorce, at Corinth, N. Y., eighteen years ago. Both married again, and lived a long distance apart until last week, when they met and immediately eloped together.

Hearts are Trumps.

BY HAROLD L. ROSSITER.

SADIE stood looking out between the lace curtains, with a little flush on her fair face that was half excitement and happiness, and half vexation.

Mrs. Percy Pierson talked, utterly regardless of the deepening flush.

"Not but what Henry Douglass isn't a gentleman through and through, my dear, and many a girl would—and should—consider herself extremely fortunate to secure him. But for you, with your pretty face and the fortune you inherit from your uncle John—Henry Douglass is not the man. Take my advice, Sadie, and when Frederick Chester proposes, which he is certain to do—accept him."

Then Mrs. Percy Pierson having said her say, bade Sadie and uncle John good day, and got into her barouche and was whirled off to make her ninth call that afternoon.

While Sadie still kept her post in the bay window, listening to uncle John as he gravely took up the conversation just where their caller dropped it.

He was a silver-headed, grave-faced, handsome old gentleman of seventy, rich as Cresus, and affectionately attached to his only niece and relative, who had always lived with him, the light and gladness of his magnificent home.

"I don't at all agree with your friend, Sadie, and though I shall never seek to influence you by word or act, still I would wish that your judgment and inclination would lead you to choose Mr. Douglas father than Mr. Chester."

The color deepened again in Sadie's face, then she slowly came out from the deep recess of the low-draped oriel window, and went over beside Mr. Clare's chair.

"Uncle, dear, don't say anything against Frederick, please, because I have promised to marry him."

He looked surprisedly into her sweet, serious eyes, in which he could see the proud happiness she felt.

"Engaged! Child, I have said I never would attempt to bias you—but it is very sudden, isn't it?"

"Oh, no! Always from the first—I—I liked him, and I guess—he—liked me. He has said so. And, uncle John—I—do love him so much."

He touched her little drooped head as she made her impetuous confession.

"That is enough—you love him. He is very handsome, Sadie, and from all I can hear of unblemished reputation, and a good business man. I daresay I ought to feel better satisfied than I do."

Sadie's arms went clingingly around the old gentleman's neck.

"Won't you feel satisfied, uncle John? It makes me so happy to think Fred loves me, but it will make me happier to know you are glad as well as willing to have it so. Won't you be glad?"

She released him, and looked coaxingly at him—such a fair radiant face it was.

"I cannot tell you I am glad, my child, at the prospect of your becoming Chester's wife, because I had hoped and wished that when I laid before you my friend and favorite's proposal which he made last night to me for your hand that you would give it and your love with it. But since you don't care for Henry Douglas and do love Mr. Chester so be it. You have my consent and blessing. Tell your lover to come and see me to-morrow night, and we will talk it over. And meanwhile, Sadie, I have something of which I wish to speak to you. There is a matter that concerns us very intimately, and I want to have you know all about it at your leisure."

Some gentlemen coming in to see Mr. Clare, Sadie stole away to think over her sweet new happiness, and to write a loving little note to Mr. Chester, to wait upon her uncle the next evening.

Nor between then and that next evening did there occur sufficient spare time for the interview with Mr. Clare, and, to tell the strict truth, Sadie was not especially anxious to make such opportunity, because she imagined somehow what uncle John had to tell her was something or other not perfectly pleasant about Frederick Chester.

So her loving little note found him in his office at the same time that Mr. Clare's note reached Mr. Douglas, telling him plainly, reluctantly, sympathetically, that Sadie had already disposed of her affections.

The intervening time passed, bringing Mr. Chester promptly on hand to the interview with his sweetheart's uncle to find Sadie sitting in the half-dusk of the library with him, a fire glowing red in the silver barred grate, and the busts and statuettes of bronze and marble that alternated on the tops of the high walnut shelves that lined all sides of the room except where the windows, deep and green silk-draped, and the doors occurred, shining weirdly in the paling and flashing glow.

It was a quiet luxurious scene, one that denoted plainly the abundant wealth of the sole relative of the fair girl who had confessed she loved him, and Frederick Chester felt a thrill of admiration and pride and triumph as he took the low Turkish chair Sadie indicated, then turned to leave the two gentlemen.

"Stay, my dear," Mr. Clare said, quietly, decidedly. "It is of your happiness we shall speak, and I cannot comprehend the conventionalism that would send you away. Sit down here by me."

And with her cheeks shining like the petals of a damask rose, Sadie seated herself, with one swift glance at her handsome lover who smiled back an ardent corroboration of Mr. Clare's opinion.

"There need be no waste of preliminary words," he began, in his grave courteous way, as he looked in Chester's respectful eyes; "you have come, at my appointment, to hear me tell you that since my niece here loves you well enough to be your wife, she has my consent—provided you can fully satisfy me of your ability, as well as desire, to support her as she deserves to be supported."

And then Sadie's cheeks flushed afresh, and a little awkward depressing exclamation came from her parted lips.

"Oh uncle John!"

Mr. Chester smiled.

"Mr. Clare is perfectly right, Sadie; he should satisfy himself on all points."

Then he turned to the old gentleman.

"I will be frank with you, and tell you that my salary of four hundred a-year I do not regard as large enough to suitably support your niece upon."

Mr. Chester's face slightly reddened.

"Well, sir, I certainly did, very naturally."

Mr. Clare looked thoughtfully at the fire, gleaming red as rubies in the grate.

"And I am not sure that I blame you for so thinking.

"Almost any young man in your position would expect some such arrangement from the parent, guardian or relative of a young lady with the expectations my niece has had—until very lately.

"But I consider myself bound to tell you, what I had hoped to tell Sadie more privately, and what she learns now for the first time, that if you marry her, you marry a poor girl.

"All that I possessed in the world was in the Metropolitan Bank, and that, everybody knows, has come to a most deplorable state.

"For myself I can get along in a little cottage I have elsewhere—and two or three thousand dollars in ready money will last me some time, in the economical way I shall pursue.

"But it is hard, very hard for Sadie. Yet if you love her as you say, it can make no difference to her heart's happiness."

Sadie had sat like a statue listening to this sudden shock of information; and her eager astonished eyes grew piteous, and wistful, and disappointed, and agonized, as sitting back among the shadows where her face was invisible, she watched the blank chagrin and vexatious astonishment, and cold indifference that passed in turn over Frederick Chester's face—the face of this man to whom she had given her heart's first love.

He was gracefully equal to the emergency, however, and even the tones of his voice bore no trace of the real feeling in his heart.

"I thank you for your kindness in telling me this—Let there was no need—so far as I am concerned."

Only somehow it did not satisfy the girl's heart, nor did the kiss of adieu he left on her lips warm and thrill her heart as it should have done on this especial occasion.

He came after that in the few weeks that intervened before old Mr. Clare moved out of his magnificent house, into the little suburban cottage that was hardly as large as one room of the dear old home, on which the ominous words "For Sale" nearly broke Sadie's heart whenever she passed by, but which did not hurt her so much as the way in which, day by day, week by week, Frederick Chester's interest lessened, until at last came the end of the engagement, and uncle John soothed and comforted the girl as tenderly as a woman could have done.

"You cannot understand it yet, but you will, dear child, that you are infinitely better off, bruised and broken though your young faith and trust is, than to have been the wife of a man of such want of feeling, such utter lack of principle. Suppose, Sadie, this misfortune had come to us after your marriage to him, and you so powerless to have held his affections?"

But it was many a long day before Sadie could see it, and then, all at once, when she heard of his marriage to a dashing young belle, did she seem to realize that he never had loved her; and when she learned of his disgust and fury, when, in an unlucky speculation, his wife's business-man lost all her property, did she realize she never had loved him, and that—

Little by little she came to know the mistake she had committed, and little by little Henry Douglas was reinstated as chief friend and comrade in the little house, which in a year's time, had come to be a very cottage of content to the girl who, by such bitter experience was being taught her life-lesson.

And at last uncle John Clare saw that his heart's desire was to be granted, for Sadie went to him one day serious and sweet, and womanly, and told him that Henry had asked her to be his wife, and she had not said him nay.

"And he especially desired me to say, uncle dear, that the little home he would give me was positively to be shared by you, and on two thousand a year we three shall live royally. He is so good, so good, uncle John."

So they were married, these lovers, to whom the discipline of the year had brought the full knowledge of their love for each other, to one whom, at least, such mercifully fateful salvation had come before the glad thanksgiving that reigned in her heart.

"It almost frightens me to think how nearly I lost you," she said, looking up in her husband's face, as very quietly and unostentatiously the three—uncle John and the bridal pair—walked back towards the cottage after the ceremony in the village church.

"But you were not to lose him, you see," uncle John said, his handsome face all alight with greater happiness than any one had seen on it for many a long day. "You were not to lose him; and to change the subject, let me tell you I have about made up my mind to change the mode of my life a little, now that you young folks will be so much occupied with each other. I have a mind not to accept your very offer to live with you, and intend——"

Sadie gave a little exclamation of pain and reproach that interrupted him.

"Uncle John, you will never be so cruel! Why, it has been one of the happiest anticipations of our future to think you would always be with us—hasn't it, Harry?"

"And we will not for one moment listen to any excuses on your part, Mr. Clare, or rather uncle John it is, since fifteen minutes ago."

Mr. Clare smiled, and Harry looked tormentingly at Sadie's flushed face.

"You wouldn't hear me out," uncle John went on. "What I wish to say is this—that instead of my sharing your limited income and making one of your happy little circle, I desire you both to come and live with me back in the old place, which has stood empty with a bill on the door all these months, the better to carry out a practical test to which I put you two lovers, Sadie. The home is mine, ready and waiting for us, and the entire old corps of servants are in attendance, and the wedding-feast is laid. The Metropolitan Bank broke sure enough, but a week after my money had been withdrawn."

Harry and Sadie stood listening in bewilderment, and then Sadie's eyes grew bright with tears as the three turned out of the road into the walk that led up to the dear old home.

"Uncle John, uncle John! I am afraid it cannot be true! Harry, is it true? Oh, it is too blessed, too good!"

And Harry, with a pale grave face and serious, happy eyes, needed only to feel the warm grasp and shake of Mr. Clare's hand and see the laugh in his eyes to be able to confirm to his wife the news that greeted them on their very entrance into the land of matrimony.

FALLING IN LOVE.—It is very mysterious, this falling in love. A good many people never do it at all. They "admire," and "esteem;" "they "have tender sentiments;" or they feel a good, homely, warm affection, which, since it is what matrimony probably always ends in at least, is excellent stock in trade to begin married life with.

Indeed, we believe that a good rule would be to choose the person one found the best company, since one has to see so much of him or her after the knot is tied.

But all this is not falling in love. That comes like a stroke of lightning. When, one does not know; why, one never can guess.

Generally, the object is a person that the lover would not calmly have chosen. Often it is the most unsuitable of fancies; but one is in love all the same, and while it lasts the defects of the adored individual become charms; the faults, virtues; a smile makes one happy; a frown, miserable.

"Earth is divided into two places, where she is not;" or "he,"—it makes no difference. What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose in such a case, and the fairy tale of "Riquet with the Tuft" becomes no exaggeration.

Cold-hearted people stare and wonder, and laugh in their sleeves; nobody sympathizes.

If there were a pleasant "retreat" to which lovers could be conveyed without insulting them or doing them an injury, we fancy their friends would generally put them there, they become so useless and so monomaniacal.

But all the same it is delightful, and when it is over—all things pass, you know—one is apt to think "how nice it was."

Many and many an excellent matron, happy in the bosom of her family, sometimes gets down a little box from an upper shelf, and looks at young Spooney's portrait—an old photograph, fast fading, perhaps—and wonders whether life was ever so full of beatitude as it seemed when she wandered in the Park with this young fellow, who, in his photograph, now looks about the age of her eldest son. "Would it have lasted?" she asks herself.

Far away, Spooney—no longer young Spooney—Alderman Spooney now—watches his dignified Amelia Arabella as she matronizes "her girls" at the ball, and thinks how oddly such memories pop up of a ball at which he danced with little Mattie twenty-five years ago.

What a ball that was! Oh, the rapture of holding that little hand! Oh, the fury which possessed him when she danced with another! Oh, the crowning happiness of taking her home through the moonlight! "I suppose such things never last," says Alderman Spooney.

And that is something no one can ever answer, for by some strange fate such lovers are always parted, we believe before they can tell whether it will last or not.

M. S.

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"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Jefferson, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

S. A.

Oquawka, Ill., August 22, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

H. R. C.

Makand, Pa., August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

I. L.

York, Pa., August 14, '82.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

J. W. S.

Vanalstyne, Tex., August 16, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

M. J. S.

Ossian, Ind., August 19, '82.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium?

M. H.

Secor, Ill., Augus 14, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

H. S.

Leesburgh, Kans., August 12, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

G. G.

Columbiaville, Mich, August 12, '82.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. S. M.

Belvidere, Pa., August 18, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

W. F. S.

Mount Pleasant, August 21, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

G. L.

Chehalis, Wash. Ter., August 13, '82.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

A. M.

Pearsal, Tex., August 12, '82.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

U. S. P.

Chattanooga, August 17, '82.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. E. B.

Verndale, Minn., August 12, '82.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

F. E. B.

Jamestown, Ind., August 18, '82.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

I. F. D.

Peconic, La., August 16, '82.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

O. O. P.

Berlinton, Ind., August 16, '82.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

G. W. H.

AN ODE TO STOVE-PIPE.

Infernal stuff, your nature well I know,
So when I took you down six months ago,
Each piece I numbered so that I might tell
Exactly how you'd go together well.
And now the time for chilly days draws nigh,
To put you up again I madly try.
But all in vain. The joints that then did fit
Now do not come within an inch of it.
I get you two-thirds put in place, and then
Crash you go tumbling to the floor again.
Once more I try. You're rather full of soot,
And I am getting daubed from head to foot.
I jam my thumb, but still I persevere—
One piece goes down and rakes my ear,
I grab to catch the piece—another goes—
And falling, scrapes the hide all off my nose.
And then my blood gets boiling, and I say
By all that's blue I'll fix you, anyway!
Once more I go to work. By patience great
I get all but a single section straight,
And that I aim about to place, when oh!
The chair I stand on tips. Down flat I go!
While on and round me, with a horrid crash,
The whole comes down again in one grand smash!
And then my wife remarks: "I never saw
A man so clumsy?" I say, "Hold your jaw!"
And for a tinman send, while I retire
To wash myself, and swear, to vent my ire."

—A. W.

Facetiæ.

"Sleeping out loud" is the latest child definition for snoring.

A good mother and an old slipper always make a spanking team.

No room was ever made large enough to hold both a fat man and a mosquito.

A doctor in Connecticut poisoned himself the other day. "Gone to meet his patients!"

It didn't require much of a philosopher to discover that all rich widows are handsome.

Nothing is more dangerous, as far as your general health is concerned, than to overwork your tongue.

"Lovely watered silk this is," said a lady, as she came in dripping wet from Church the other Sunday.

The Egyptian emblem of a snake with its tail in its mouth was the earliest sign of the "swallow-tail."

An obituary notice in Utah closes touchingly: "He leaves thirteen widows and fifty-seven children."

Why is a surgeon, since the discovery of ether, like a swindler? Because he cuts off without payin' (pain.)

The way some men order about their fellows, one would think that one-half of creation was made to order.

Some people think it better to have less pomp at wedding ceremonies, and more pork and potatoes afterwards.

"Buchupaiba."—Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases $1, at Druggists.

"I am tired," sighed the wheel. "Poor fellow!" exclaimed the axle. "Don't make such a hub-bub," cried the vehicle, wagon his tongue.

Skinny Men.—"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

The maiden who dropped from a rope ladder into the arms of her eager lover was like a bankrupt insurance company. Why? Because she was in the hands of a receiver.

"Rough on Rats."—Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, skunks. 15 cts.

We learn that among the latest adulterations more than one-half of the raspberry jam made in England is from decayed figs. The next thing we shall hear will be that they are making cheese from milkmen's discarded pumps.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 36 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

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Beatty's BEETHOVEN CABINET ORGAN,

will be advanced from **$90** to **$125** on and after September 11th, 1882, at midnight. Readers of this newspaper who desire to secure the "Beethoven" at the old price of **$90** must order immediately, as the price will positively be advanced to **$125** as announced. It is the most popular organ ever placed upon the market. Upward of two thousand are being manufactured and shipped every 26 working days. Factory running day and night to fill orders promptly. Remit by Bank Draft, Post-Office Money Order, or by Express prepaid, and the instrument will be securely boxed and shipped without a moment's delay.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings with **HEEL** and **TOE** complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

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Choice Oleograph of Garfield Family on receipt of **50 cents.** Do not fail to order. Also Oleograph 12 for 25cts. National Chromo Co., 927 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

MORNING DRESS.

We often read about the elaborate dresses worn at different entertainments, but not so often are we told of what is the fashion of the day in morning dress, therefore a few words on the subject may not be inappropriate.

In the first place, more than half the people we meet in town wear black. In the younger ones the sombre tint is enlivened by bands of gold, silver, or steel, or by pipings of blue or rose color.

Paniers are almost invariable in all the most stylish dresses, the only difference being in the make of the skirt beneath. This is either made in deep box-kiltings, meeting the paniers; sometimes the plaits being alternately of wool and silk, and sometimes of two shades of colors, mixed dresses being still fashionable.

The other form of skirt is made with small flounces all round, either three or five, which are cut on the straight, and either kilted or gathered on to the dress. These are often edged with black lace when made in black silk, and bring into use Maltese and Spanish lace, a great number of yards being required for such flounces. In the tailor-made woolen dresses the paniers are usually plaited into the round waist or draped round the pointed bodice; but the dressmakers are using gathers very much for young and slight figures.

Thus the dress is gathered all round the neck, gathered at the waist front and back, and the paniers are set into the round waist (with which a belt is worn) in three rows of gatherings.

The paniers are edged with fringe or lace, and the flounces on the skirt are set on with a heading of three rows of gathers.

Small checks are much worn in quiet colors, either black and white, grey, or indigo and white; and a new little dust cloak is to be seen, with double capes coming down below the waist, also made in small checked materials, but it is more useful than ornamental.

We may mention one or two costumes that we have seen in the Park in the morning.

Dress of dark blue linen; kilted skirt, with red Turkey twill showing between the kiltings; gathered bodice of dark blue, piped with red; small flat straw hat, with poppies and cornflowers; and dark blue parasol, with frill of Turkey red.

Another dress had a skirt of olive-green velvet, short and kilted, over which was worn a much-puffed polonaise of olive-green brocade, and a little velvet toque to match.

A singular but rather artistic costume was partly composed of one of yellow figured linens. The skirt was edged with three small frills of yellow, above which hung a puffing of dark-green sateen, set in with plaits under the paniers, which, as well as the Velasquez-shaped bodice, were of the yellow material; the foundation of the sleeves were of the dark-green, and the puffs above the elbow and at the wrist, of the yellow, and the hat being yellow with dark-green feathers.

But a sensation of repose is felt in turning from this to a dark brown silk dress, with a kilting round the skirt, headed by a wide band of brown velvet, embroidered in bronze beads; the waistcoat of velvet, and a little close bonnet, also embroidered in beads to match; the small bonnets covered with beads or jet are much worn.

The only kind which seem quite gone out are the steel, which were fashionable last season.

Bonnets are made of lace, literally covered with beads, but the gaudy-colored ones are not to be recommended.

The large French poke bonnets are not popular as yet, but they look well enough in straw trimmed with poppies, or other wild flowers, when a bright young face peeps out beneath.

Some straw hats are like a plate turned upside down on the head, with bands of ecru ribbon radiating from the centre outside, and a row of flowers under the brim. Such a one was pretty with blush roses, and worn with a dress of pale salmon-colored sateen trimmed with lace, and made with many frills and puffs.

More dressy bonnets are made entirely of flowers.

Either the crown will be entirely of green leaves, with a wreath of roses across the front; or a wreath of green leaves all round, and the crown composed of the scattered blossoms.

But large hats are mostly worn, trimmed outside only with ecru lace, feathers, or tulle, and with flowers resting on the hair under the brim, which is turned up one side.

Poppies and marsh marigolds are the most fashionable flowers at present, and wild flowers seem altogether popular. A young lady usually wears no mantle out of doors, unless it be a little circular cape of the same material as the dress, or a large round lace collar reaching to the point of the shoulder.

These circular collars are easily made, being merely a piece of straight material, the width of the chest and shoulders, gathered above to the shape of the figure, and trimmed at discretion.

When a skirt is made of a material too thick and rich for kilting, it is usually edged with a full treble ruche of about six inches wide to match the bodice and overskirt.

We have thus seen a skirt of rich brocade with a bodice and paniers of soft camel's cloth of the same shade.

The Indian shops are selling dress lengths of this camel's hair of exquisite tints of brown-grey, terra cotta, and green. Many a piece of old brocade is brought out and renovated now-a-days, but we have seen a black brocade, with bunches of wallflowers and roses on a salmon-colored moire, which testifies that the new manufactures can quite compete with the old.

Mantles, when worn, are rather large and of the dolman shape, either in satin Merveilleux, brocke, or striped watered silk, much trimmed with lace and jet, and with an almost inevitable large bow behind resting on the indispensable crinolette; but they are few and far between.

In conclusion, we may advise young ladies that the prettiest summer dresses they can have are soft white Surah silks trimmed with lace; or, if their purses cannot afford that material, they may substitute sateen in delicate shades of ecru, pink, or turquoise blue, and ecru lace is to be found in every variety of quality and price.

Our readers probably know that one of the latest fashions in dresses is to have the back drapery and skirts of one color, and the bodice and side pieces of another. Sometimes, literally speaking, there is no back drapery, but the skirt at the back consists of a deep box plaiting, starting from the waist and brought out from between the sides of a kind of polonaise.

In fact, with such skirts is worn what may be roughly described as a polonaise minus a back, or perhaps more accurately as bodice, with an elaborate short basque at the back, and with very long undraped pointed wings opening over the skirt in front.

Now it is clear that one such bodice as this can be easily brought to serve for at least two skirts, provided always that you select a material which is in accordance with both.

For instance, say that you have chosen some figured washing material in which pale brown and white are the predominant colors.

This will of course, look well over a skirt of dark brown sateen, but it will also a very good effect over a skirt of scarlet.

In this last case, however, it will be necessary to wear either at the throat or on the shoulders a knot of scarlet and brown ribbons.

Fireside Chat.

SOME HINTS ON DRESSMAKING.

THERE is scarcely anybody who in the course of her life has not found the want of some slight knowledge of dressmaking.

The first thing is, of course, to obtain a satisfactory pattern, to be kept and used as required. To the uninitiated, the very way of setting to work about this is not easy. First cut two linings roughly in form for back and front. All that is really necessary in doing so is that they shall be of sufficient length from the neck to the edge of basque, and wide enough across the bust—a most important matter. It is utterly impossible to make any bodice set unless it comes well up to the sleeve, that is, that the armhole be not cut too large. A very common defect is for the sleeve to cover a part of the bodice.

Begin by folding over a piece down the edge of the front pattern about one and a half inches in depth, and attach this to the figure by pinning, say an inch apart, down the whole length. There is a knack in placing these pins, viz., horizontally, with the head outwards. Next pass the hand across the bust, taking care that the material from the front to immediately below the arm is straight by the thread; the front and side seams will all be wrong unless this is so, and no bodice will set well if the material and lining run different ways. Quite loosely, pin the back to the front under the arm, only just enough to keep them together, the same on the shoulder, and then pin the back down the centre exactly after the fashion of the front, always with the heads of the pins outside, without darning the pins in and out, which produces a pucker inevitably.

Now comes one of the most difficult parts of taking a pattern, viz., manipulating the shoulders. You must be careful to have the lining high enough in the neck, and notch it at intervals down to the required height, also round the armholes. It is somewhat the fashion now, or rather such a fashion is creeping in, to give a broad appearance to the back by making the shoulder seam on the top of the shoulder; but, as a narrow back is a beauty, this is a mistake. Bring the seam well over the shoulder; keep the back piece firm by holding it between the first and second finger of the left hand, while with the thumb you draw the front to it very tightly, the material showing no crease. Begin from the top, as you always do in pinning, and place the pins in without darning them, so that the head of the one clears the point of the other; they require to be particularly straight, and it is not so easy as it seems to accomplish all this properly.

Next you have to form the side plaits called darts on the front of the bodice, which keep quite low down; a high side plait makes the figure flat. Stout figures require a greater distance between the front and the first dart than thin ones. When these plaits are satisfactorily settled, pin the front and back beneath the arm, exactly as they go, to fit the figure closely. It is generally necessary, in pinning the material below the waist, to place some side plaits in front in a slanting direction, thus disposing of the extra fulness. The waist line must be most distinctly marked with pins. To recapitulate, then, the great points to be careful of, in taking the pattern, is to cover the figure exactly, to place your pins in so that they cause no puckers, and to lay the material on by the thread.

Having made the pattern as perfect as possible, remove the pins which secure it to the figure, back and front, and take it off. Then place the finger between the pinnings on the shoulder, and stick another row of pins on the side where the heads of the other pins are not, and through only one layer of the stuff, in such a way that when you take out each pin originally used, and replace it so that it goes through one piece of stuff only, it yet marks out the correct line; the other piece has its row of pins to define its shoulder line, and seam under the arm. In this way you have the front and back distinct, and exactly fitting. For the next process a wooden board will be required, the cover of a deal dress box does admirably; lay a sheet of brown paper (French dressmakers use black) upon it, with the pattern above; then with a stiletto or dressmaker's piercer, which has a round top, and is more convenient for resting in the palm of the hand, pierce through the lining down the front, and exactly along the row of pins, so that a facsimile pattern is produced on the brown paper. With a sharp pair of scissors, cut the paper by the pierce holes, and you have a pattern which should fit you to perfection, and serve as a guide for all kinds of dresses. But to be quite sure that the pattern is correct, have the lining ironed, when the pins have been removed; lay the brown paper upon it, pierce round the outline into the lining, tack with black thread by the pierce holes regularly, so that the tacking can be felt by the finger, and pin the back and front together. Having first pinned up the front plaits, try the lining on again; very possibly you will find that the armhole is a little too much cut out, the neck a little too low. Make the necessary alterations in the lining, and then in the brown paper, and your permanent pattern will be quite perfect. You may keep it by you in use for years, adding a little to its breadth if you become stouter.

The best dressmakers use silk for lining, but nothing is so durable or preserves the material so well as a firm slate twill. This is sold double width; lay it out thus, folded before you. Place the pattern upon it, with the upper part towards the cut end, the selvedge for the fronts. The side pieces for the back will, most probably, be got out of the width, while the top of the back will fit in the interstice of the front. A good yard of stuff may be often saved by laying the pattern out, and well considering how one part entwists another. Trace the outline on to the lining. The brown paper pattern is the exact size, so, of course, turnings must be left beyond the perforated marks. These marks serve for a guide for the tacking.

In forming the front side plaits you must be careful that you do not allow a fold or crease to be apparent on the bodice beyond where the stitching commences; to avoid this, before beginning, stick a pin through what is to be the top of the plait; the head will be on the right side, and, holding the point, you can begin pinning the seam without touching the upper part of the bodice. To ascertain the size of button-holes, put a piece of card beneath the button to be used, and cut it an eighth of an inch on either side beyond. Having turned down the piece in front, on the button-hole side, run a thread a sixteenth of an inch from the extreme edge, and again another the width of the card. Begin to cut the first button-hole at the bottom of the bodice, and continue at equal distances. The other side of the bodice is left wide enough to come well under the button-holes. The button-holes must be laid upon it, and a pin put through the centre of each to mark where the button is to be placed. In sewing on the buttons, put the stitches in horizontally; if perpendicularly they are likely to pucker that side of the bodice so much that it will be quite drawn up, and the buttons will not match the button-holes.

A FLYING base-ball, in Mitchel, Ind., upset a youth and broke his arm.

Correspondence.

BAMLEY, (Baltimore, Md.)—There is no method of removing salt from meat but soaking it in water. You cannot neutralize salt. You must keep changing the water, as it soon gets full of salt and will take up no more.

G. W. K., (Richmond, Va.)—It is impossible to draw with a useful result without a knowledge of drawing. If there be any thought of turning the "liking" for sketches and sketching to account, it would be well to study at some school of art and design.

M. W., (Chestnut Hill, Pa.)—Bric-a-brac is a phrase used to describe a class of articles having some beauty, and interesting on account of age, or the appearance of age. Armor, curious weapons, carved ivory, and quaint old furniture all come under this head.

J. S. R., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Either a comma or a colon would be correct in the case you mention. The old-fashioned style of punctuation would require a colon, but it is becoming necessary to use a comma in some such cases. Any good grammar will give you the rules of punctuation.

ELVIRA, (Newark, N.J.)—The woolsack, as the seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords is called, was first introduced in the time of Elizabeth. It was intended to commemorate an Act passed against the export of wool, at that time the commodity which was the chief source of the wealth of the country.

HARRY, (Cincinnati, O.)—We are afraid that it looks as though the lady was not unwilling to break her second engagement as she did her first; but as she has confessed of her own accord, and promises to break off the correspondence, we think she might be forgiven. However, as her lover has now known her very intimately for three years, we think he ought to be able to judge better than we can.

JAMES T., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—When the young lady says she does not believe in love, don't you believe her. You may not be the one to awaken love in her heart, but should the right man turn up, she would, doubtless, discover that she has been mistaken in her notion that she would never love anyone. There would be no harm in your continuing your visits to her as long as she seems willing to have you call.

SCIENCE, (Quebec, Can.)—The general opinion of geologists is that the earth consists of a shell surrounding a molten mass. The thickness of this shell is estimated at from 30 to 100 miles. The principal evidences of this internal heat are hot springs, geysers, volcanoes, and the fact that mines and deep wells are always found to become warmer as we descend lower. There are, however, some objections to the hypothesis.

P. GREEN, (Trenton, N. J.)—Thomas Haynes Bayley was, next to Moore, the most accomplished song-writer of the present century. He was the son of a wealthy solicitor near Bath, where he was born in 1797. He was destined for the Church, but not being able to settle down to so sober a profession, he ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortunes. He died in 1839 of jaundice.

STUDENT, (Boston, Mass.)—You are not too old at nineteen to take a regular college course, but you must remember that you will be with boys three or four years younger than yourself, and, if you wish to be happy and respect yourself, you must command their respect by hard work and steadiness. It does not take four years to complete your law studies in a law school when you have already taken a degree in a university. Your writing is fair, but not free or regular enough.

FREDERICK M., (Chicago, Ill.)—It would be impossible, and certainly wanting in good taste to attempt such a thing if it were possible, to produce such a volume. The persons referred to are the "unknown quantity" in journalism; they write anonymously, and, as exponents of public opinion, prefer to be nameless, unthought of. Of course there are exceptions, lovers of notoriety, "from servants hastling to be gods;" but they only prove the rule. "Men must be taught as if you taught them not, and things unknown proposed as things forgot."

E. H. M., (Charleston, S. C.)—The term "heart" is used in the Scriptures and in the writings of theologists to designate the affections or desires of the being as a whole. It includes natural affections and impulses, and those affections and impulses, or feelings and tastes or preferences, which are the growth of education. To "give the whole heart" is a phrase which means to surrender or subordinate the entire nature and desire in life, that the nature may be trained and the desire influenced in such a way as to make the service of the Being to whom the "heart" is given the key-note and purpose of existence.

SELAH, (Norristown, Pa.)—1. The regulation engagement ring is a solitaire diamond, but of late some have grown tired of this uniform fashion and have ventured on a little variety. 2. "Moderate circumstances is so vague a phrase that we can only tell you that you should spend a "moderate" amount on the engagement ring. Remember, though, that the principal reasons for making any present are to give pleasure to the recipient, and to associate yourself with something pleasant: so in this case you are justified in spending as much as you can honestly afford, especially as it is to be hoped that the course of true love will run smooth, and that you will never have occasion to buy another engagement ring.

MACGREGOR, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The objection to the use of a ring in the marriage ceremony in Scotland was bequeathed to the Presbyterian Church by the Puritans. The main ground of the objection by the latter was the common idea that the ring was symbolical in such a sense as to imply the sacramental character of marriage. The ring was used in espousing by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but was not used by them as a part of the marriage ceremony. In the church it continued to be used in betrothal, as the symbol of the tie which has been formed; but in the marriage rite it was probably not used until about the tenth century. The introduction of the marriage-ring was probably derived from the custom of giving the ring, with the staff, to bishops at their consecration. Whether or not, the ceremony of placing the ring on the bride's finger was held to indicate the symbolic and sacramental nature of marriage itself. The couples of Puritan descent who go through the form of bestowing and receiving the ring, at the present day, certainly have no such dogmatic association with what they regard as a harmless and pleasing custom. But there is no ground for flinging stones at their Puritan ancestors, who felt called upon to scrutinize the usages which had come down from times when Christianity was younger than it is now.